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ACTION COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

EXTRA!
SUPERMAN
SCOURS CITY
IN SEARCH OF
AN HONEST
MAN!



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WONDER WOMAN
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SO BIG AND SO SHAGGY,
WHOSE HOME IS THE
MOUNTAINS
'MID CLIFFS COLD AND
CRAGGY.

WHAT DOES HE READ WHEN
THE WEATHER'S TOO GUSTY—
BOOKS WITH THIS SYMBOL,
SO TRIED, TRUE AND
TRUSTY.



ON THE COVER OF
STAR SPANGLED
COMICS
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST
IN ANY COMIC
MAGAZINE!

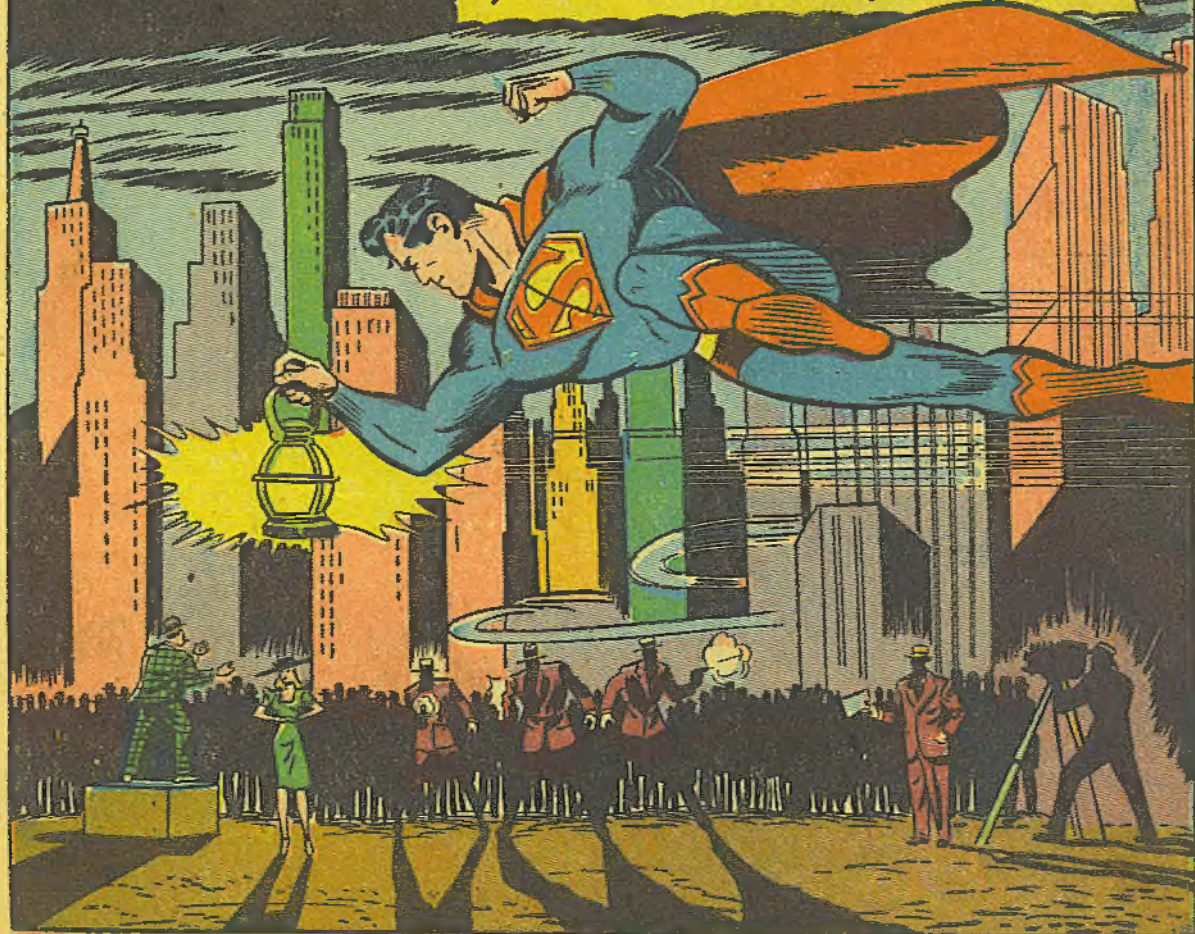


SUPERMAN

by JERRY SIEGEL
AND
JOE SHUSTER

HUMAN NATURE HAS CHANGED LITTLE IN THE 2,200-ODD YEARS SINCE DIOGENES CARRIED HIS LANTERN THROUGH GREECE, SEEKING AN HONEST MAN—IN VAIN! AND WHEN A CRIMINOLOGIST'S CHALLENGE STARTS THE MIGHTY MAN OF TOMORROW SEARCHING FOR A REALLY TRUTHFUL PERSON IN METROPOLIS, AT A TIME WHEN UNDERWORLDINGS PLAN A MASTER STROKE OF CRIMINAL STRATEGY, WE BEGIN THE AMAZING STORY OF...

"The Man Who Was Honest!"



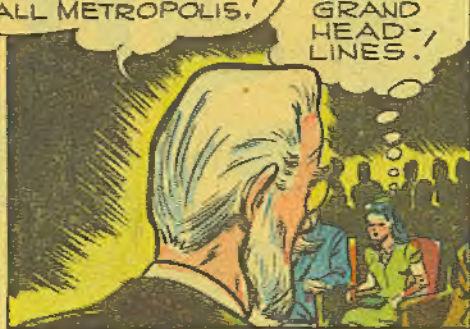
DR. CARL SAND, NOTED CRIMINOLOGIST, GIVES A PUBLIC LECTURE ON "WHAT SUPERMAN HAS TAUGHT US"...

NO ONE IN THE AUDIENCE IS MORE INTERESTED THAN LOIS LANE OF THE DAILY PLANET!

SUPERMAN HAS EXPOSED THOUSANDS OF CRIMINALS—YET THERE ARE ALWAYS OTHERS TO TAKE THEIR PLACES!

WE ARE FORCED TO CONCLUDE THAT THERE IS NOT A SINGLE COMPLETELY HONEST MAN IN ALL METROPOLIS!

PRETTY PESSIMISTIC, BUT IT'LL MAKE GRAND HEADLINES!



AND LOIS LANE'S REPORT MAKES THE FRONT PAGE!

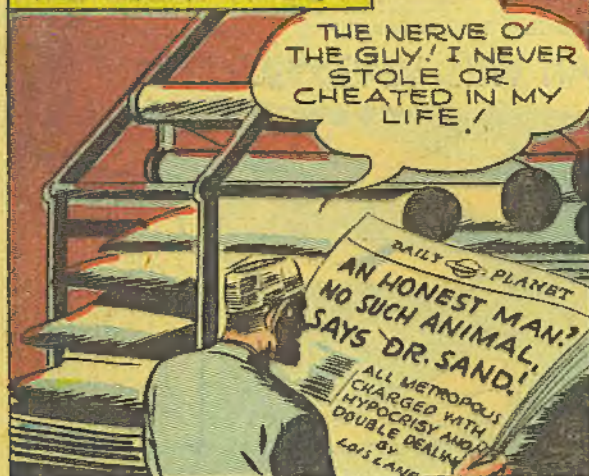
NEXT MORNING, AS CLARK KENT RIDES THE SUBWAY TO WORK...

THE NERVE OF THE GUY! I NEVER STOLE OR CHEATED IN MY LIFE!

THAT STORY INSULTS EVERY DECENT PERSON IN TOWN!

IT MAKES LIARS OUT OF ALL OF US!

WELL!



LATER... IN THE DAILY PLANET NEWSROOM!

THE SWITCHBOARD IS JAMMED WITH CALLS FROM PEOPLE WHO DON'T LIKE YOUR STORY, LOIS!

TELL THEM TO CALL DR. SAND! I ONLY REPORTED WHAT HE SAID!

WELL!

HERE ARE SOME NAMES OF "HONEST" MEN, PHONED IN BY THEMSELVES AND THEIR ADMIRERS! CHECK UP ON AS MANY AS YOU CAN FOR A FOLLOW-UP STORY!

GOOD GRIEF—I WOULD GET MYSELF INTO SOMETHING LIKE THIS!



UNNOTICED, CLARK SLIPS OUT OF THE OFFICE...

MOMENTS LATER...

BUT IT'S TOO TOUGH A JOB FOR A REPORTER LIKE LOIS, OR EVEN SUCH AN EXPERT HEADLINE HUNTER AS CLARK KENT.

AFTER ALL, THERE MUST BE AT LEAST ONE HONEST MAN IN A CITY THIS BIG—AND FINDING HIM WOULD SET A GOOD EXAMPLE FOR OTHERS.

SUPERMAN!
AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

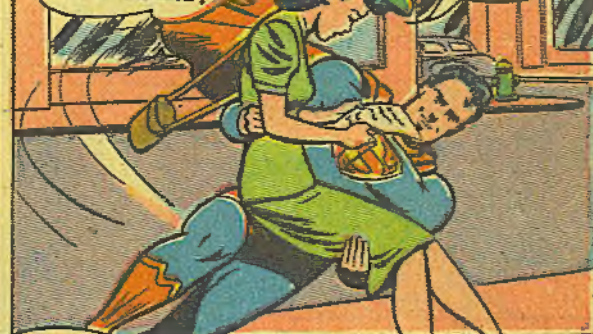


I'M LOOKING FOR A COMPLETELY HONEST MAN, AND IT JUST STRUCK ME THAT YOU FILL THE BILL!

IN ALMOST EVERYTHING, YES—EXCEPT THAT I COULD NEVER TELL YOU THE TRUTH ABOUT MY SECRET IDENTITY.

ALL RIGHT, THEN... THE FIRST NAME ON MY LIST IS HENRY ROYCE, HEAD OF THE WELFARE LEAGUE!

HE WALKS TO HIS OFFICE EVERY DAY AT THIS TIME. LET'S GO!



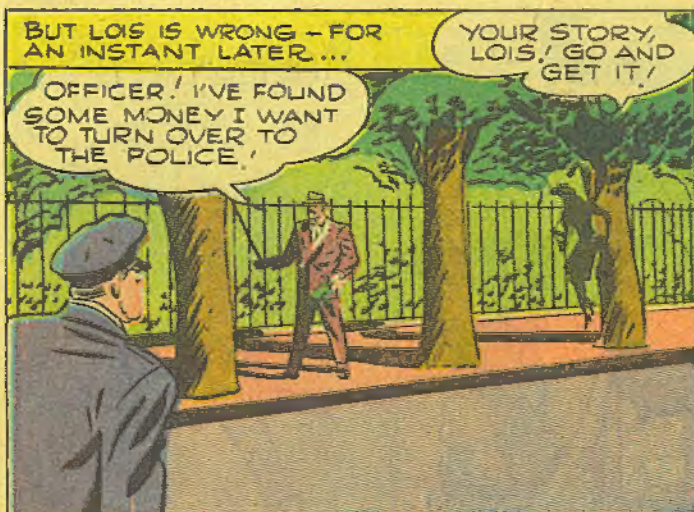
AND THIS IS HENRY ROYCE...

EH? WHAT'S THIS?

MY WORD—A THOUSAND-DOLLAR BILL!

HE'S LOOKING AROUND TO MAKE SURE NO ONE SAW HIM PICK IT UP!





BUT LOIS IS WRONG - FOR AN INSTANT LATER...

OFFICER! I'VE FOUND SOME MONEY I WANT TO TURN OVER TO THE POLICE!

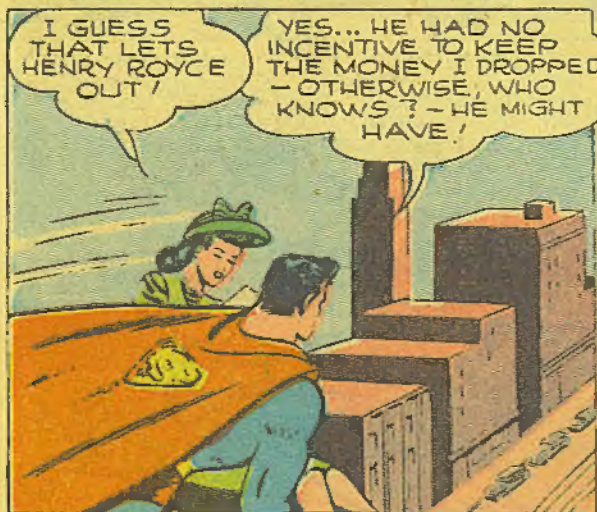
YOUR STORY, LOIS, GO AND GET IT!



GOLLY, MISTER, YOU'RE MORE HONEST THAN MOST!

NO-I JUST DON'T HAPPEN TO NEED \$1,000! YOU SEE, I ALREADY HAVE ABOUT 50 MILLIONS!

HUH-?



I GUESS THAT LETS HENRY ROYCE OUT!

YES... HE HAD NO INCENTIVE TO KEEP THE MONEY I DROPPED - OTHERWISE, WHO KNOWS? - HE MIGHT HAVE!



HERE'S OUR NEXT ENTRY-HONEST JOHN CARVER, CANDIDATE FOR ALDERMAN FROM THE THIRD WARD.

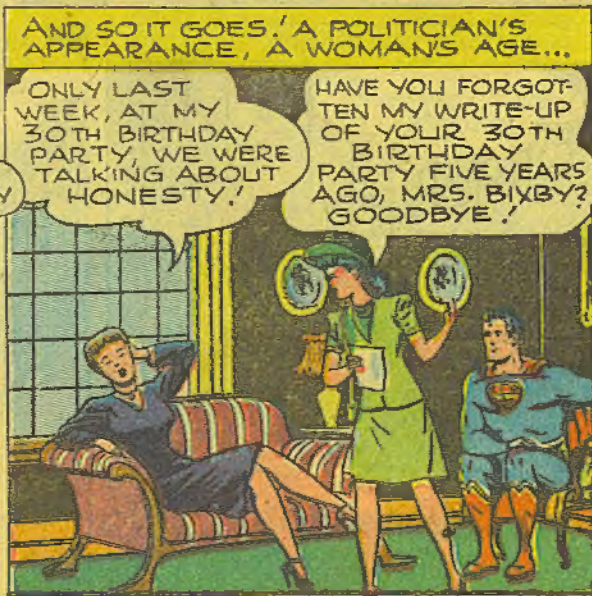
WE'LL SEE IF HE LIVES UP TO HIS NAME!



ON THE THRESHOLD OF HONEST JOHN'S OFFICE, SUPERMAN NEEDS ONLY ONE LOOK-BUT WHAT A LOOK!

SUPERMAN! THIS IS INDEED A PLEASURE!

MY X-RAY VISION SHOWS ME HE DYES HIS HAIR, WEARS A CORSET, AND HAS LIFTS IN HIS SHOES! HE'S CERTAINLY NOT HONEST ABOUT HIS APPEARANCE!



AND SO IT GOES! A POLITICIAN'S APPEARANCE, A WOMAN'S AGE...

ONLY LAST WEEK, AT MY 30TH BIRTHDAY PARTY, WE WERE TALKING ABOUT HONESTY!

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN MY WRITE-UP OF YOUR 30TH BIRTHDAY PARTY FIVE YEARS AGO, MRS. BIXBY? GOODBYE!

AND NOW FOR LLOYD MARWICK, PRESIDENT OF THE SCIENTIFIC TRUTH SOCIETY, AS HE MAKES A PHONE CALL...

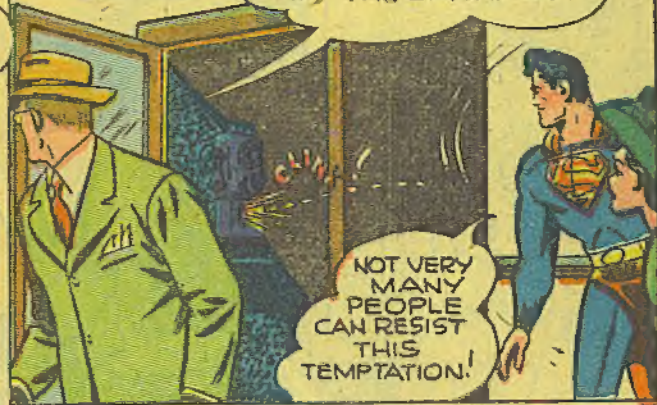
HOW ARE YOU GOING TO TEST HIM? WITH SOME SCIENTIFIC QUESTION?

NO—I WANT TO GET HIS REACTION TO A PROBLEM THAT SOONER OR LATER CONFRONTS NEARLY EVERYBODY!



AND AS MARWICK LEAVES THE BOOTH, THE MAN OF TOMORROW TOSSES COINS INTO THE RETURN SLOT WITH EYE-BAFFLING SPEED!

WHAT'S THIS? I'VE HIT THE JACKPOT!



NOT VERY MANY PEOPLE CAN RESIST THIS TEMPTATION!

—SEVENTY-FIVE, EIGHTY-EIGHTY-FIVE—

HE COULD HAVE CALLED THE OPERATOR AND TRIED TO RETURN THE COINS— BUT HE DIDN'T!

FINALLY...

WE'VE HAD NO MORE LUCK THAN DIOGENES DID 2,200 YEARS AGO!

SO—EVEN THOUGH HE'D NEVER SET OUT TO STEAL ANYTHING DELIBERATELY—HE ISN'T 100% HONEST!

YES, HE CARRIED A LANTERN, BUT HE DIDN'T FIND AN HONEST MAN EITHER!

THE IDEA—TELLING ME I CAN'T POSE FOR MY HUSBAND'S ADVERTISING PHOTOGRAPHS BECAUSE MY GOOD LOOKS ARE ALL POWDER AND PAINT AND DYE!

SOMEBODY WAS HONEST WITH HER! WE'LL FIND OUT WHO!

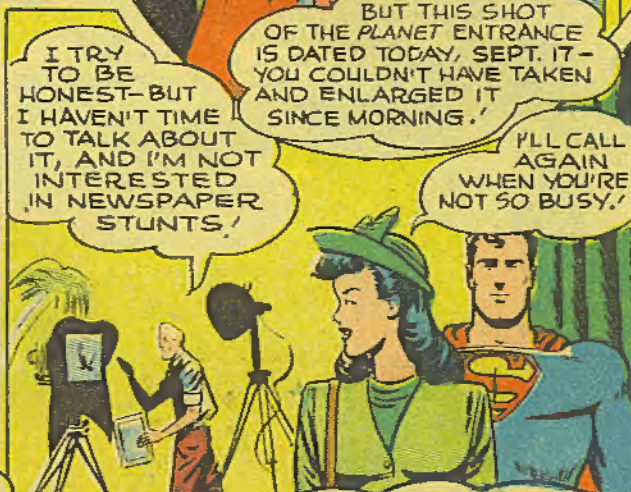


YES, I'M SAM NICHOLS—AND I'M BUSY!



WE'RE LOOKING FOR AN HONEST MAN—BUT I SUPPOSE YOU DO TOO MUCH FAKING OF ADVERTISING PICTURES TO QUALIFY!

WITHIN THE STUDIO...





THAT NIGHT, AS LOIS AND CLARK LINGER OVER A LATE DINNER...

I'M EXHAUSTED—AND PERRY WHITE SAYS I'VE GOT TO STICK WITH THE STORY! MY ONLY HOPE IS NICHOLS!

SAM NICHOLS? I'VE HEARD OF HIM! HIS WORK IS TOPS!

NEXT SECOND, IN THE DIAMOND-CUTTING SHOP, A BOMB CRASHES THROUGH THE WINDOW AND STRIKES THE MASSIVE DOORS OF THE VAULT!

IN A WINDOW OF A SKYSCRAPER, FAR DOWNTOWN...

EXACTLY 10:15! THROW IT, PINKY—AND DON'T MISS!

DID I EVER MISS YET?

HOLLAND DIAMOND CUTTERS

BOOM! CRASH

THE VAULT'S A WRECK! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS SCOOP UP THE ICE AND GET GOING!

WHAT A CLEVER WAY TO ENTER A BUILDING!

MAKE IT SNAPPY! THE NIGHT WATCHMAN MUST HAVE HEARD THAT BOMB! HE'LL TURN IN AN ALARM!

BIGGEST HAUL WE EVER MADE!

AND AS THE ROBBERS MAKE A NOVEL GETAWAY...

GET A MOVE ON, WILL YA!

BE RIGHT WITH YA, MIKE—SOON AS I CLEAR THIS BRAT OUTA ME WAY!

MINUTES LATER... **BULLETIN! THREE MEN BOMBED AND ROBBED THE HOLLAND DIAMOND COMPANY IN THE LAFAYETTE BUILDING AT 10:15 -**

A SMALL BOY WHO SAW THE ROBBERS FLEE SAID THE GANG LEADER, A HUGE MAN, WAS CALLED "MIKE" BY HIS COMPANIONS.

HMM... I THINK I KNOW WHO THOSE ROBBERS ARE AND WHERE TO FIND THEM!

SOUNDS LIKE MIKE CHESNEY. THAT GARAGE HE RUNS DOWNTOWN IS PROBABLY A BLIND!

AND I SUPPOSE YOUR FEET ARE COLD!

BUT CLARK KENT'S HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS!

UH-MY HEAD FEELS FEVERISH-AND HOT..

RUN ALONG HOME THEN-AND HIDE UNDER THE BED.

I HATE TO KEEP RUNNING DOWN LOIS' OPINION OF CLARK-BUT ONLY ONE OF US CAN BE ON THE JOB AT A TIME!

WITHIN THE GARAGE...

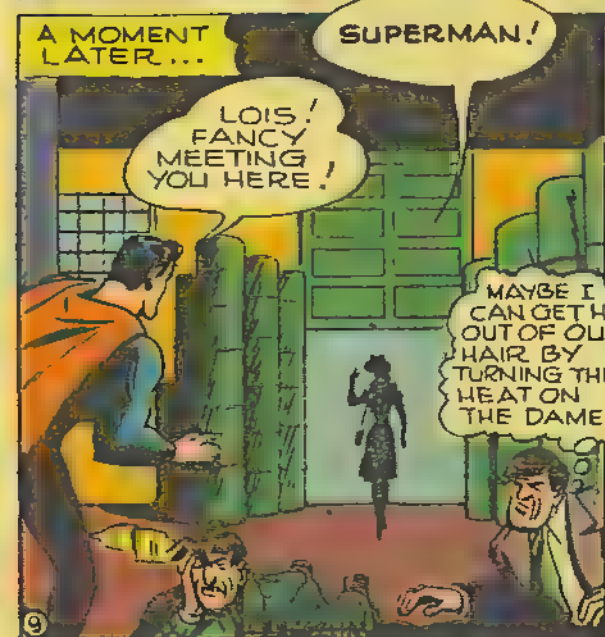
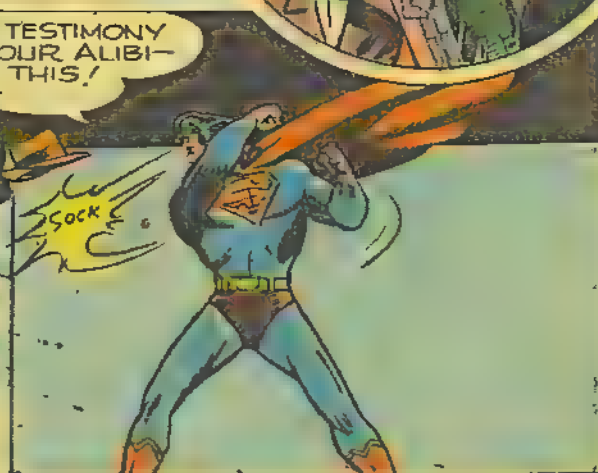
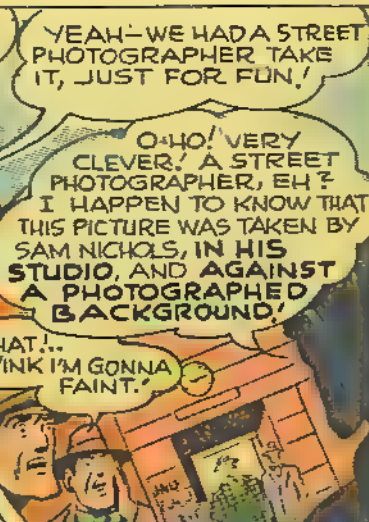
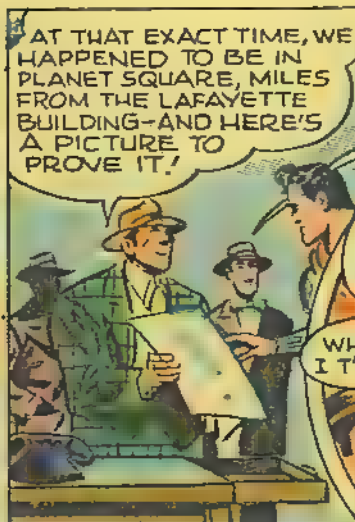
A FEW MORE JOBS LIKE THIS AND WE CAN RETIRE.

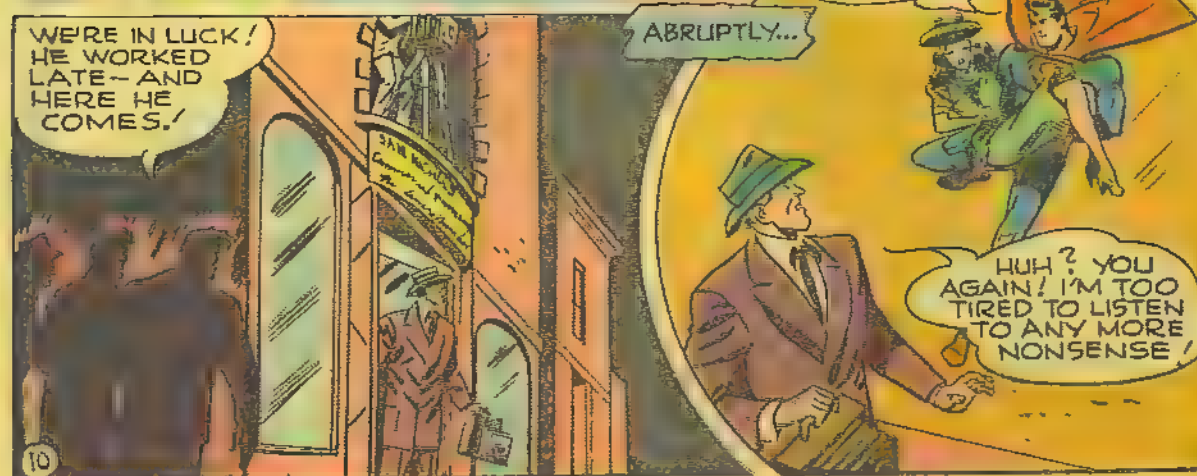
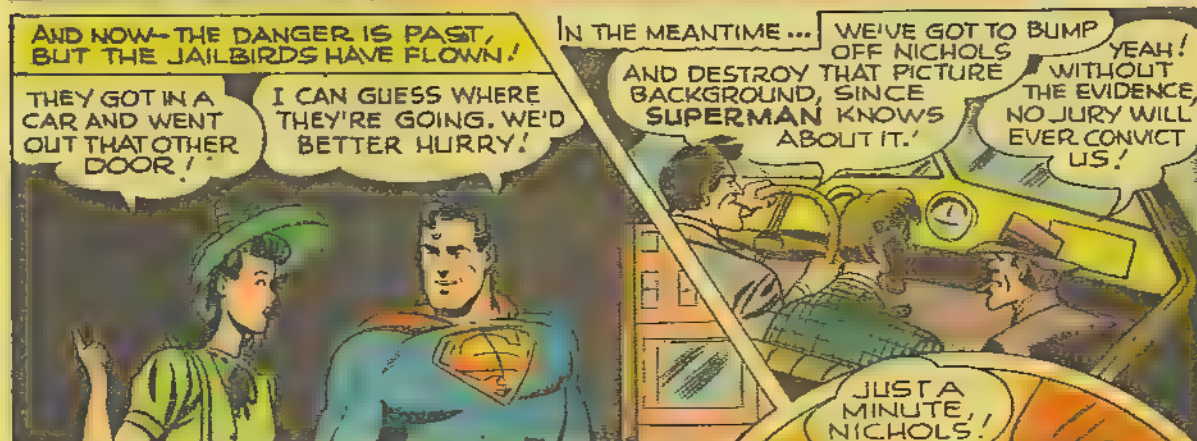
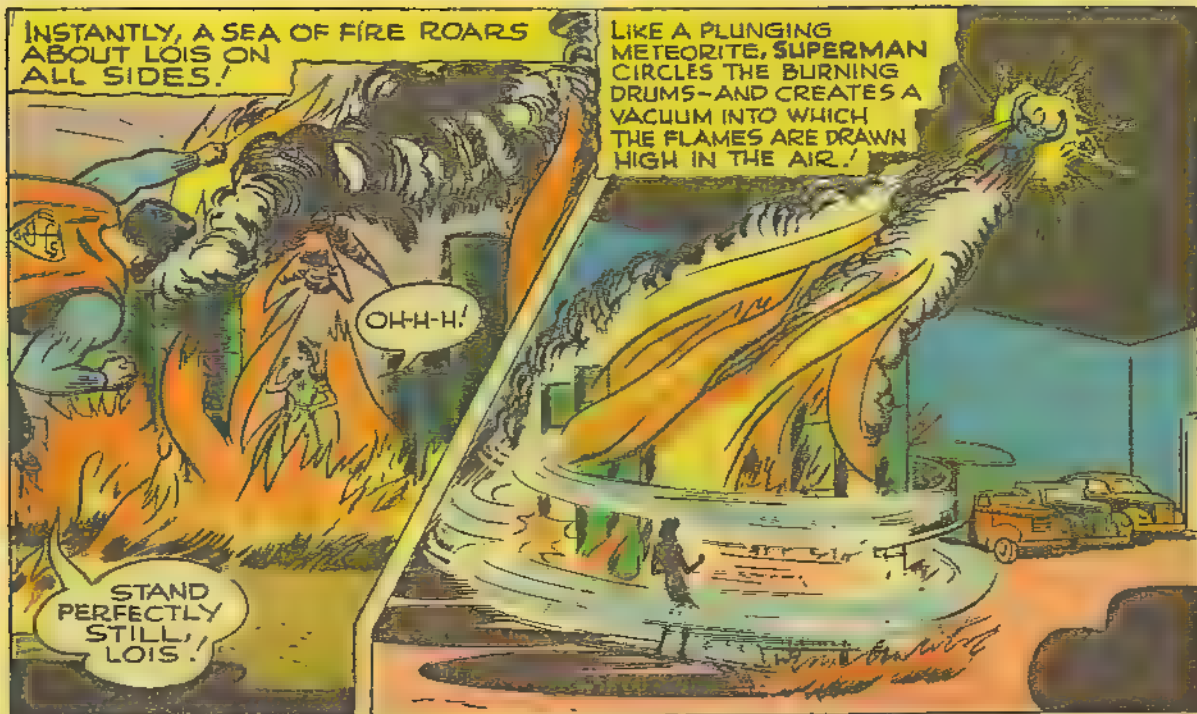
SURE, TO A LIFE OF EASE!

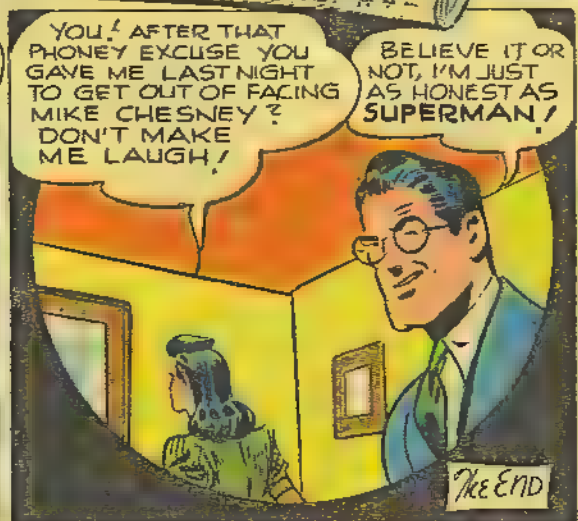
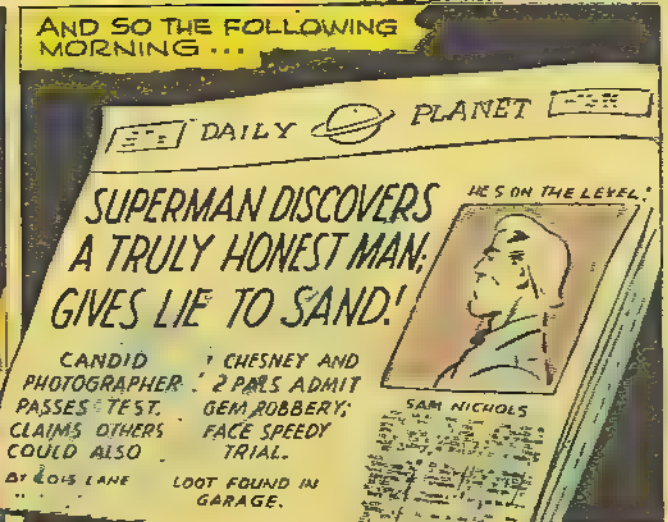
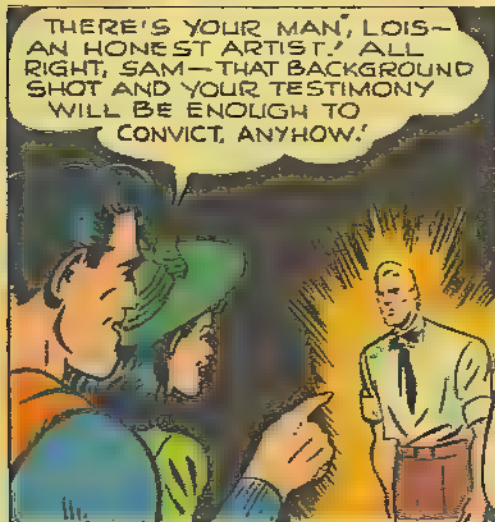
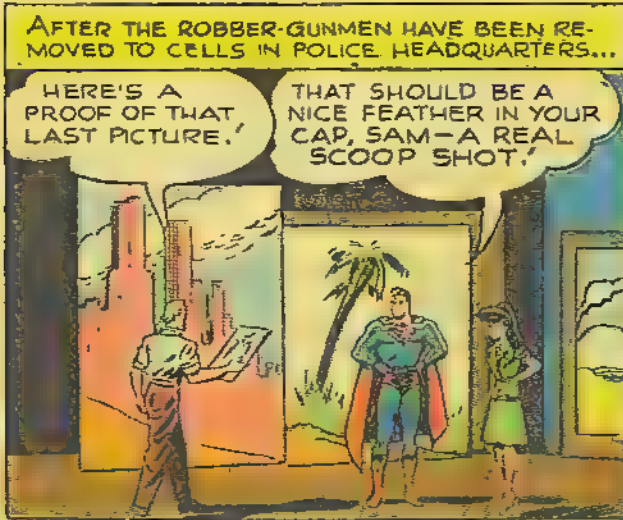
WELL! A COZY LITTLE GATHERING OF DIAMOND COLLECTORS!

NIX, YOU IDIOT! WE CAN PROVE WE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING WRONG!

YIII-SUPERMAN!







Wally BUTTS

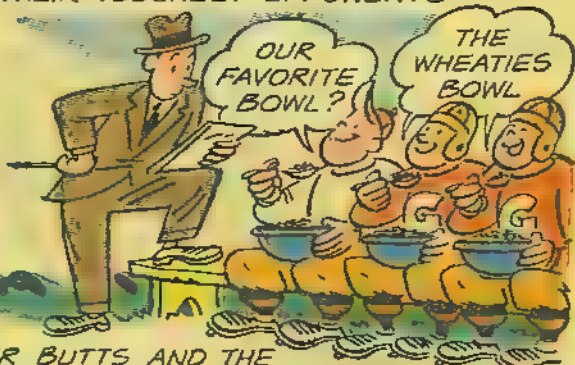
CHAMPION COACH OF THE
CHAMPION GEORGIA BULLDOGS



LET'S GET ANOTHER
TOUCHDOWN



ONLY MAJOR COLLEGE
TEAM TO REMAIN **UNBEATEN AND
UNTIED** DURING THE 1946 SEASON
(INCLUDING BOWL GAME)--THE BUTTS
BOYS WERE 10 POINTS BETTER THAN
THEIR TOUGHEST OPPONENTS



MASTER BUTTS, AND THE
GEORGIA BULLDOGS, HAVE PLAYED 4 POST-
SEASON GAMES--FASTENED ON TO 4 BOWL
CHAMPIONSHIPS. THEY MADE A CLEAN SWEEP
OF THE ORANGE BOWL (1942), ROSE BOWL (1943), OIL
BOWL (1946) AND SUGAR BOWL (1947)

TOP-GRADE
FOOTBALL
CALLS FOR REAL
TRAINING--AND GOOD
EATING," SAYS WALLY
BUTTS. "I LIKE TO SEE MY
BOYS EATING LOTS OF MILK,
FRUIT, AND WHEATIES,
'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS.'
THERE AREN'T MANY
DISHS THAT CAN TOP
WHEATIES--FOR NOURISHMENT
--OR FLAVOR"



WHEATIES
**"BREAKFAST
OF
CHAMPIONS"**

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

Wheaties and Breakfast of Champions
are registered trade marks of

General Mills, Inc.

WHEATIES
Breakfast of
Champions

SUPERBOY and ROBIN

America's Two Most Famous Boys

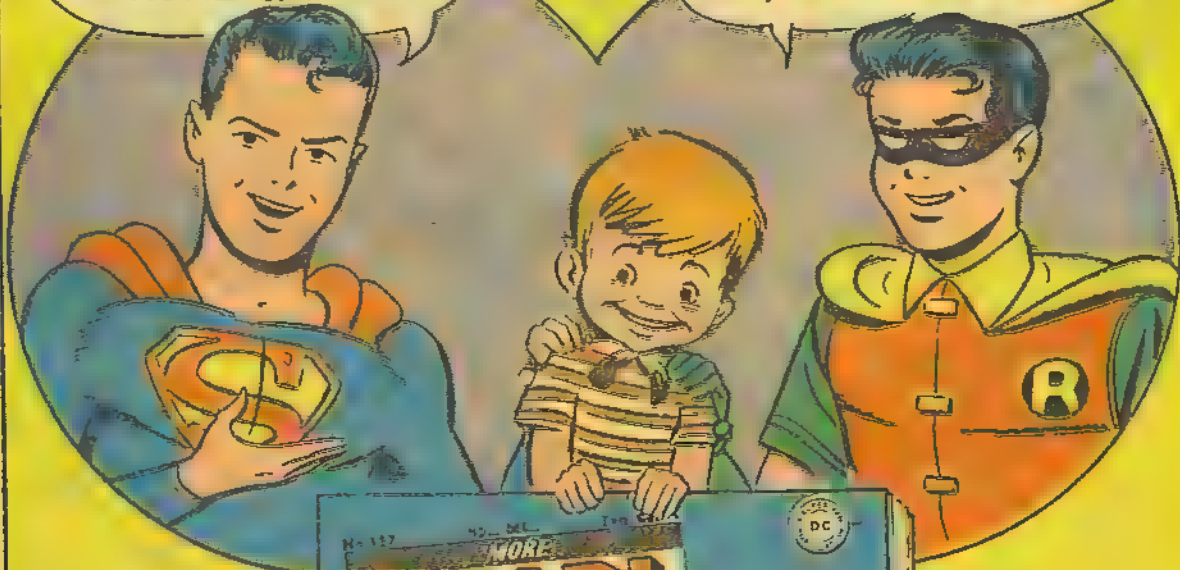
HAVE A SPECIAL MESSAGE

FOR **You!**

WE WANT YOU TO
MEET **JIMMINY**

—ONE OF THE MOST
ADVENTURESOME BOY
HEROES EVER TO GET
HIMSELF INTO A
REAL JAM!

HE MAY BE LITTLE
BUT OH, BOY!
PIRATES, DRAGONS,
WIZARDS, GIANTS
ARE ALL THE SAME
TO **JIMMINY!**



FOLLOW
JIMMINY
IN
EVERY
ISSUE of
MORE
FUN
COMICS!



Five
FAST-ACTION
ADVENTURES
featuring
JIMMINY
and the
MAGIC BOON

CONGO BILL

"*Thar she blows!*" THE HEROIC DAYS OF THE OLD-TIME WHALERS LIVE AGAIN AS CONGO BILL MATCHES HIS SKILL AGAINST THE MIGHTIEST DENIZENS OF THE DEEP. BUT THE HEAVING BULK OF THE LEVIATHAN OF THE SEAS IS THE LEAST OF THE PERILS THAT BESET HIM WHEN HIS SCHOONER RUNS AFOUL OF...

"FLOATING GOLD!"

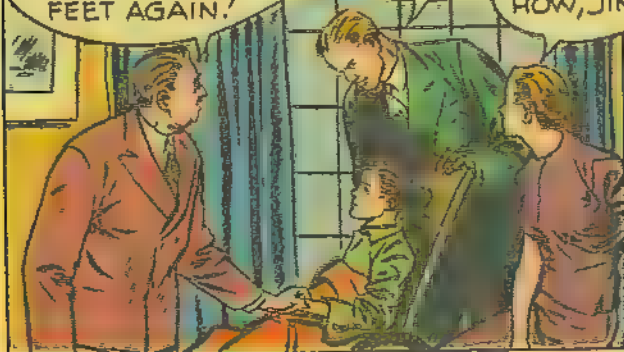


EX-NAVY SKIPPER JIM RYAN GETS A DOCTOR'S REPORT ON HIS SICK SON, DANNY...

YOUR BOY NEEDS LOTS OF SEA AIR—A LONG OCEAN VOYAGE WOULD PUT HIM ON HIS FEET AGAIN!

AND THAT'S WHAT HE'LL HAVE! I'LL FIX IT, DANNY.

BUT HOW, JIM?



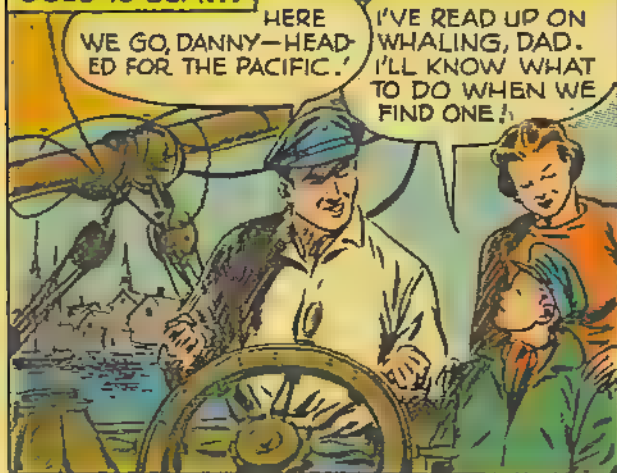
HOW? AT A CAPE COD DOCK, JIM RYAN FINDS THE ANSWER...

THERE SHE IS, JANE—AN OLD-TIME WHALER FOR SALE, CHEAP! WHALE OIL BRINGS GOOD MONEY THESE DAYS, AND WHILE WE'RE SEEKING IT DANNY WILL GET THE SALT AIR HE NEEDS!





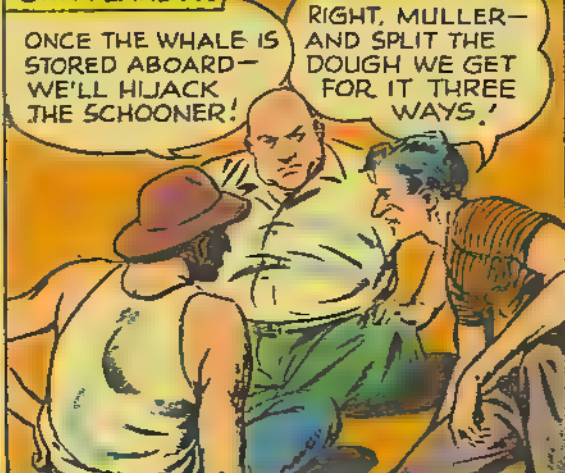
SAILING DAY! AND THE REFITTED OLD-TIMER GOES TO SEA...



HERE WE GO, DANNY—HEAD-ED FOR THE PACIFIC!

I'VE READ UP ON WHALING, DAD. I'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO WHEN WE FIND ONE!

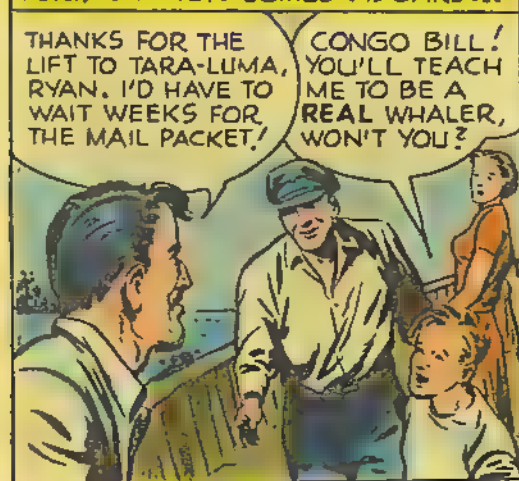
BUT MEMBERS OF THE CREW HAVE THEIR OWN PLANS...



ONCE THE WHALE IS STORED ABOARD—WE'LL HIJACK THE SCHOONER!

RIGHT, MULLER—AND SPLIT THE DOUGH WE GET FOR IT THREE WAYS!

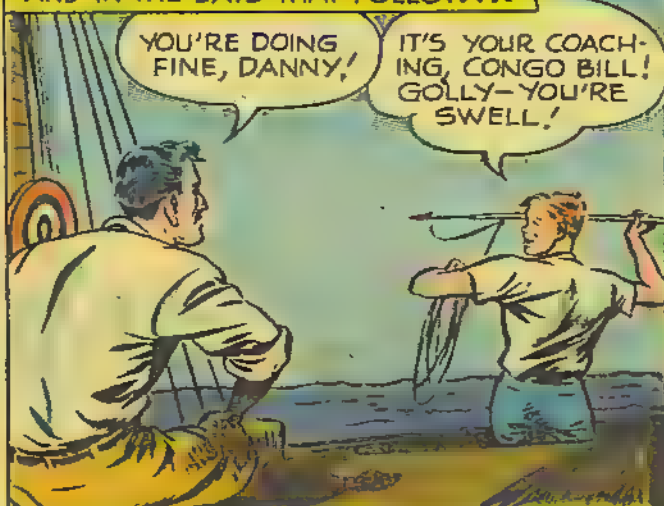
WEEKS LATER, AT A PACIFIC ISLAND PORT, A VISITOR COMES ABOARD...



THANKS FOR THE LIFT TO TARA-LUMA, RYAN. I'D HAVE TO WAIT WEEKS FOR THE MAIL PACKET!

CONGO BILL! YOU'LL TEACH ME TO BE A REAL WHALER, WON'T YOU?

AND IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW...



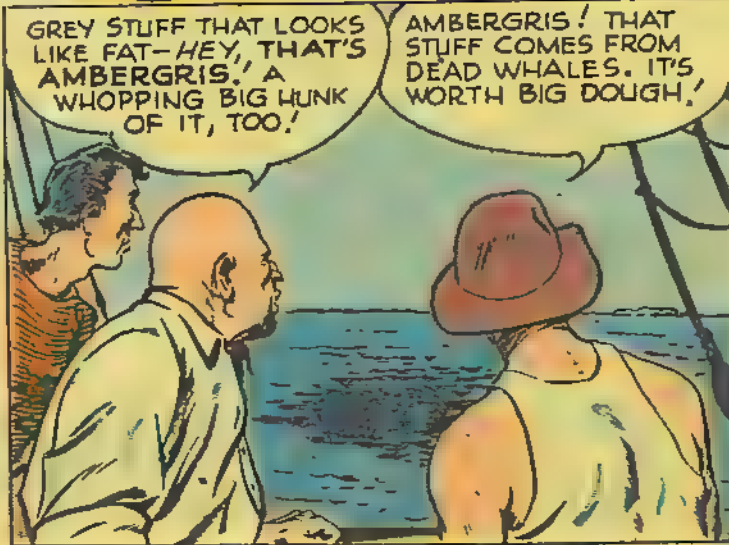
YOU'RE DOING FINE, DANNY!

IT'S YOUR COACHING, CONGO BILL! GOLLY—YOU'RE SWELL!

THEN ONE DAY...



SOMETHING ADRIFT ON THE STARBOARD, SIR!



GREY STUFF THAT LOOKS LIKE FAT—HEY, THAT'S AMBERGRIS! A WHOPPING BIG HUNK OF IT, TOO!

AMBERGRIS! THAT STUFF COMES FROM DEAD WHALES. IT'S WORTH BIG DOUGH!



AND SHORTLY...

WHAT LUCK, CAPTAIN!
THAT'S AMBERGRIS—
FLOATING GOLD,
THEY CALL IT!

HMM...
IT FEELS
LIKE FAT
AND SMELLS
LIKE SEALING
WAX...THERE'S
A LOT OF IT
HERE, TOO.

THAT CHUNK
WEIGHS AT
LEAST 150
POUNDS—
AT TWELVE
DOLLARS
AN OUNCE!

WE'LL BE
RICH ON A
THREE-WAY
SPLIT!

BUT CONGO BILL'S ALERT
EYES SEE ALL...

A FORTUNE IN AMBERGRIS!
AND I SEE GREED IN THE
EYES OF SOME MEMBERS OF
THE CREW! FROM NOW ON
WE'LL HAVE TO BE ON
GUARD...

"THAR SHE
BLOWS!"

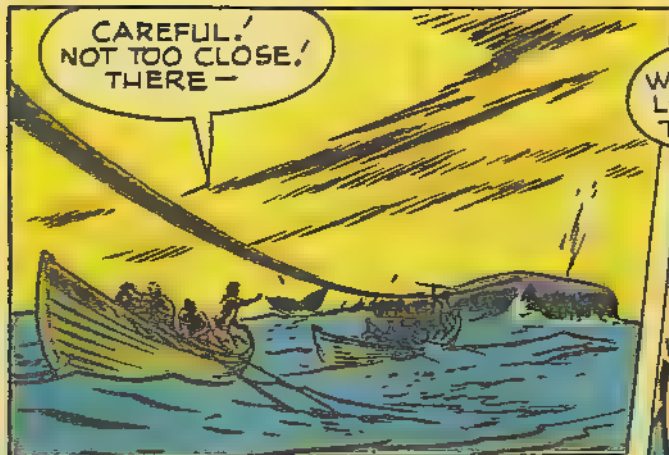
AND
AMBERGRIS
IS FORGOTTEN
AS THAT
THRILLING
CRY RINGS
OUT
SUDDENLY!

THAR SHE BLOWS!
WHALE OFF THE
STARBOARD BOW!

HE'S A BIG 'UN,
HE IS! LOTS
OF OIL IN
HIM!

THERE—
HE'S IN
MY SIGHTS!
FIRE!

WE'VE GOT HIM! THAT
ROPE WILL HOLD TILL WE
GET MORE HARPOONS
INTO HIM!



CAREFUL!
NOT TOO CLOSE!
THERE —

MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE SCHOONER...

WE'LL CUT LOOSE AND
LEAVE THEM WITH
THEIR WHALE!

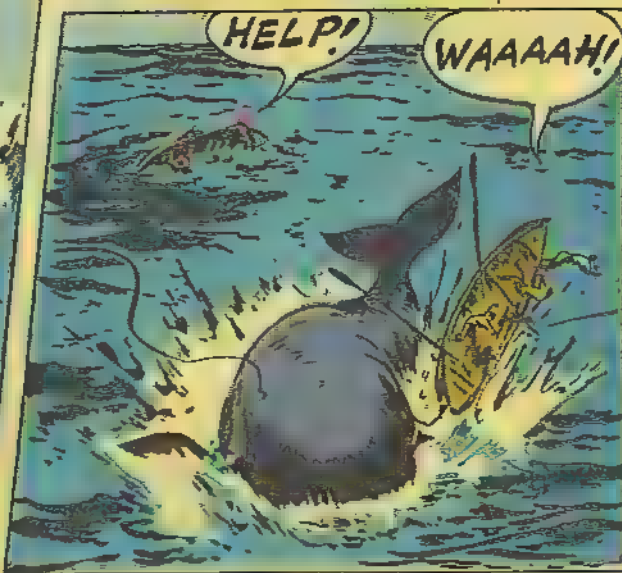
WHILE WE SAIL
OFF WITH THE
AMBERGRIS!
HO-HO!



THEN—DISASTER!

LOOK OUT!
HE'S FREE!

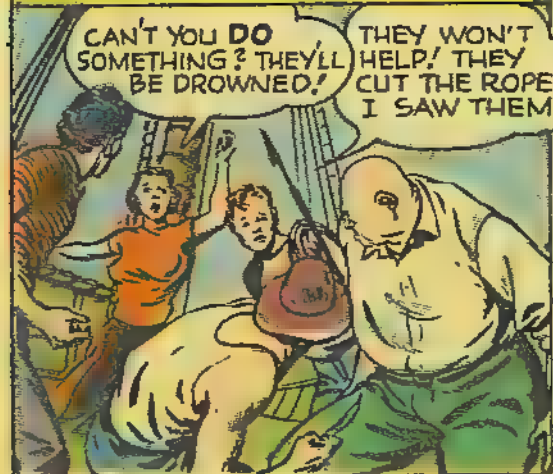
YIII!



HELP!

WAAAAH!

ON BOARD THE SCHOONER...

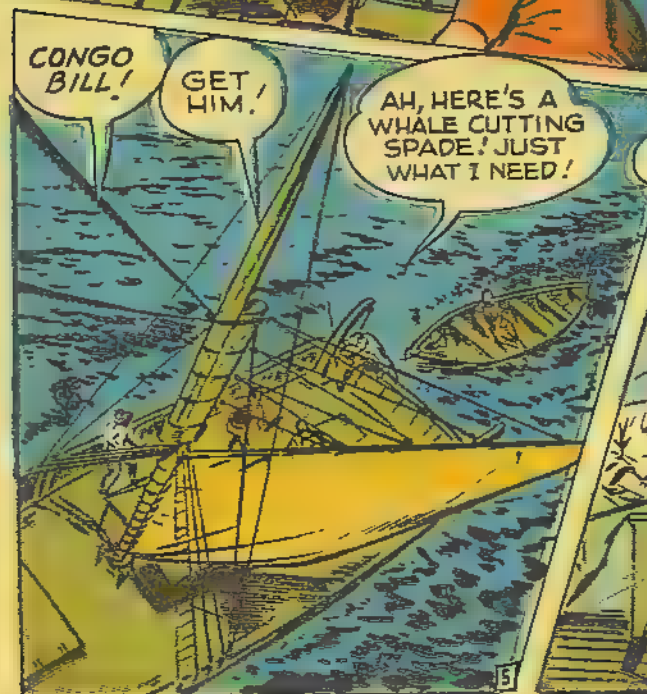
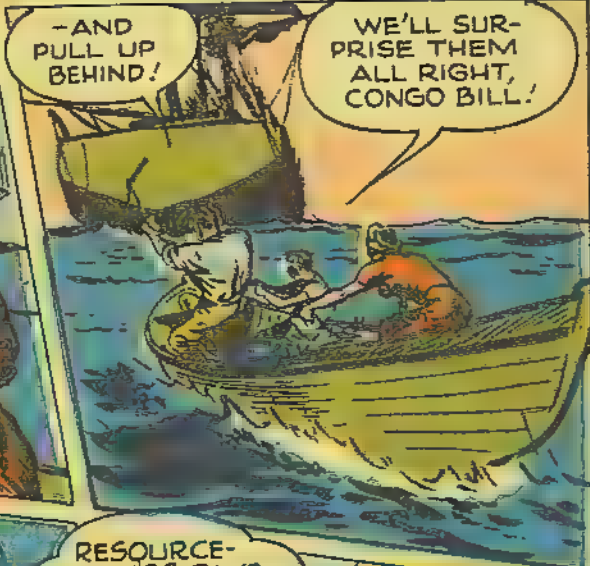
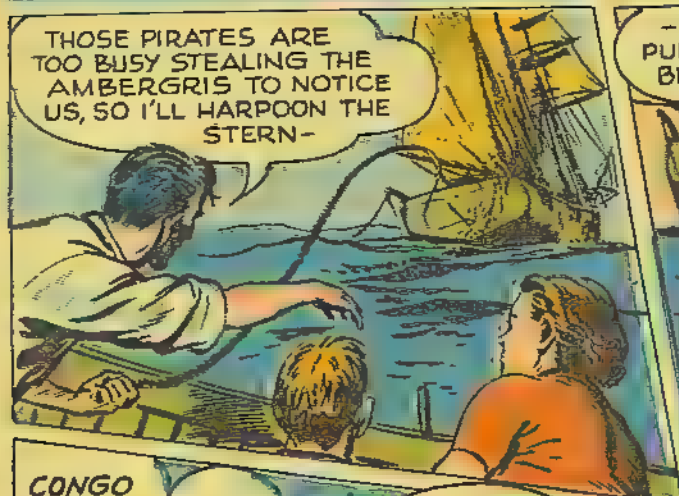
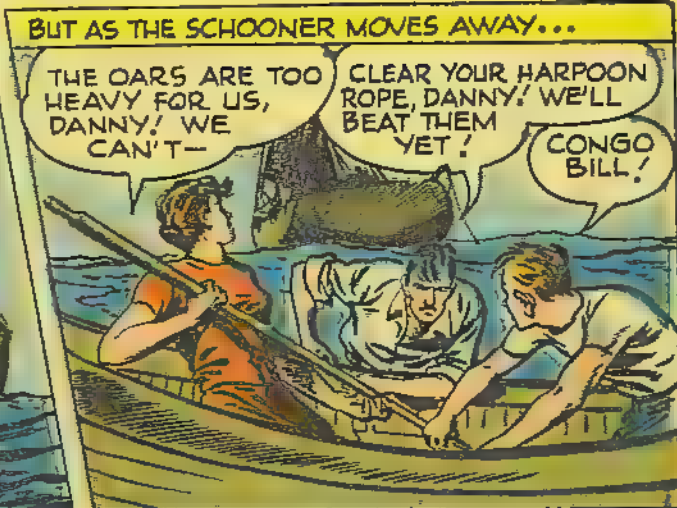
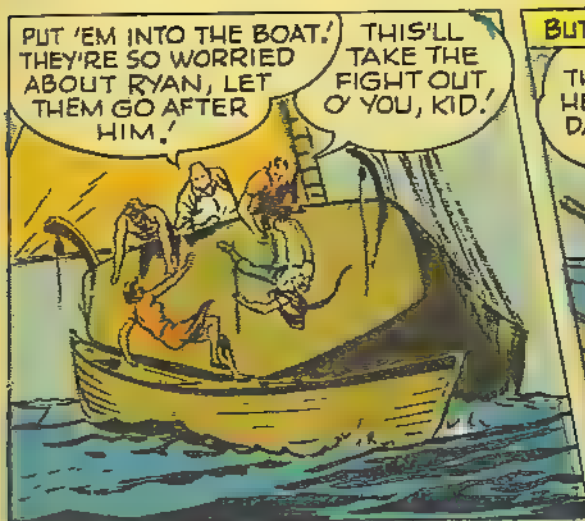


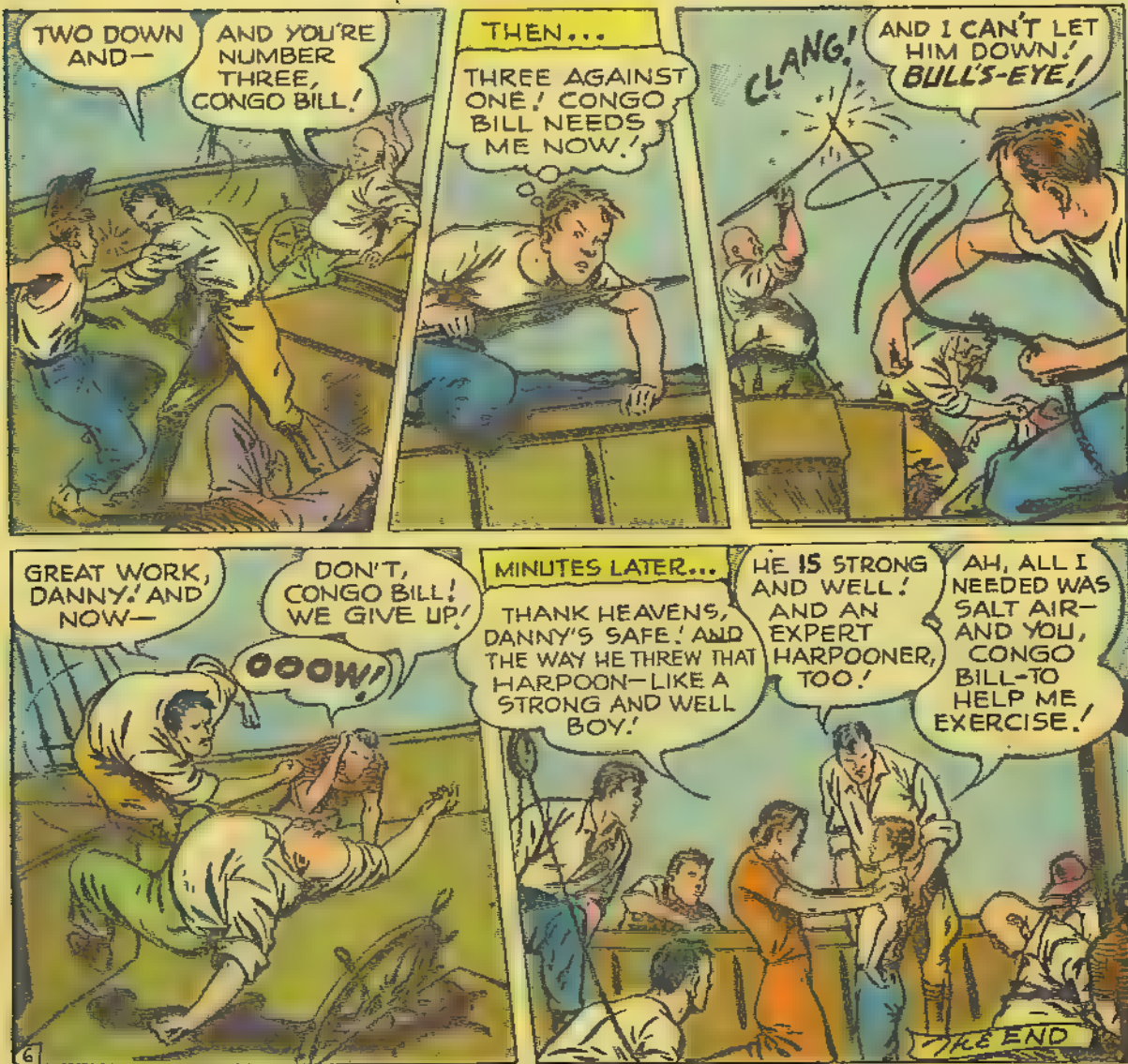
CAN'T YOU DO
SOMETHING? THEY'LL
BE DROWNED!

THEY WON'T
HELP! THEY
CUT THE ROPE!
I SAW THEM!



YOU SEE TOO MUCH,
BRAT! TAKE THAT!
GRAB THE WOMAN,
BOYS!





SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Uranus No. 6)

TU UTK OY VKXLKIZ,
HAZ YZXOBOTM LUX
VKXLKIZOUT TKBKX N-
AXZY. EUA IGT IUSK
IRUYK

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

NOV.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

U.S. ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



RACING TO
THE RESCUE



DEPUTY
U.S. ROYAL
AND THE
BOYS OF
THE ELM
CITY BIKE
CLUB ARE
AT THE
AUTO-RACES,
WHEN THEY
OVERHEAR...

THIS IS ONE RACE THE
FAVORITE AIN'T GONNA
WIN. THOSE KNIFE-SLASHES
WE PUT IN HIS TIRES
WILL FIX THAT!

THOSE CROOKS ARE REALLY
TRYING TO GET AWAY WITH
MURDER! FELLAS, KEEP AN EYE
ON THEM...I'VE GOT TO TRY
TO SAVE THAT DRIVER!

U.S. ROYAL ENTERS THE RACE!

JUST IN
TIME! THERE GO
THE TIRES!

IN THE MEANTIME...

THE CROOKS
ARE ESCAP-
ING IN
THAT CAR!

THEY WON'T GET
FAR...WE'LL GIVE
THEIR LICENSE
NUMBER TO THE
ROAD-POLICE!

AND SOON...

BOY! WHAT
TEAMWORK! ONE
LIFE SAVED... AND
TWO SCOUNDRELS
CAUGHT!

...THANKS
TO THREE
BIKES!

FELLAS - IF YOU WANT REAL
CONTROL ON YOUR BIKE, USE
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES... WITH
THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN

"THE TIRE WITH THE 'BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN' IS TOPS WITH
ME,"-- SAYS U.S. ROYAL.

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science

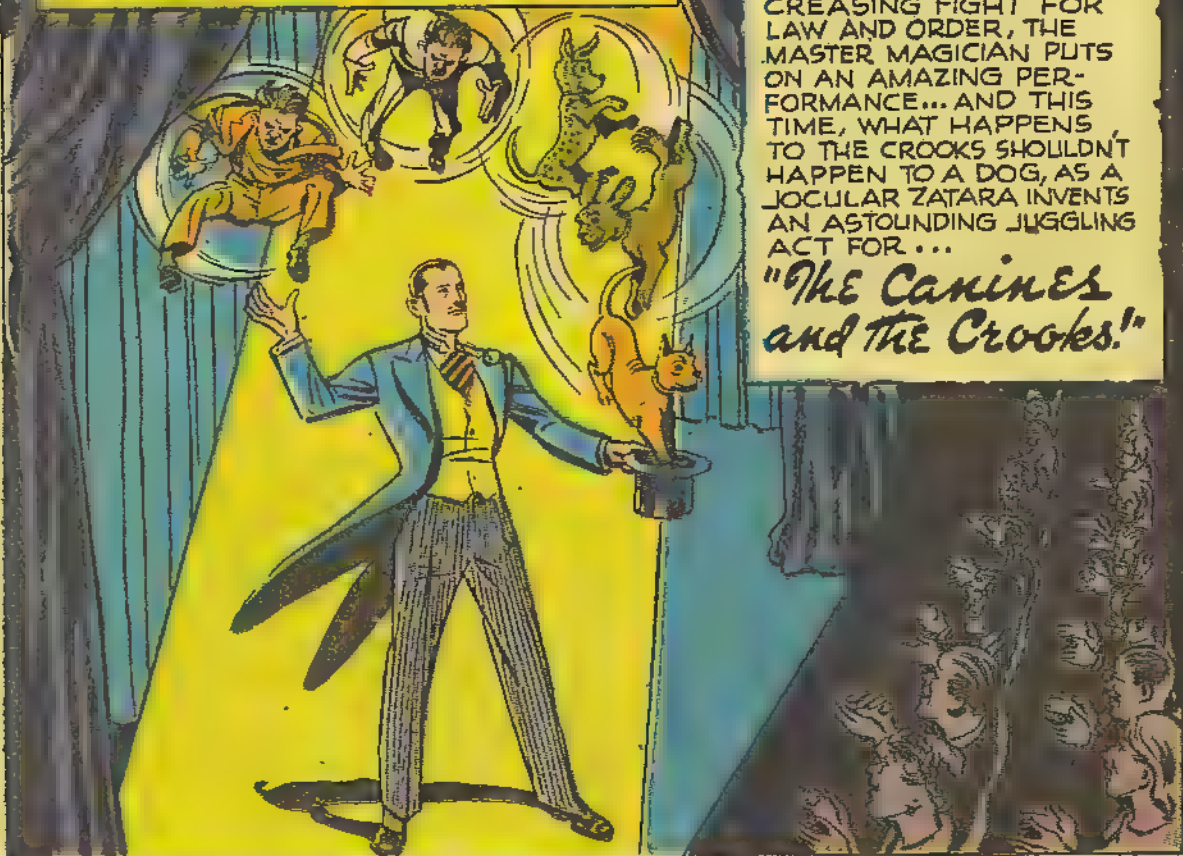
IT'S AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING BIKE TIRE--
THAT'S U.S. ROYAL. AND FOR A GOOD REASON.
GIVES YOU SURE FOOTING...AND SPLT-SECOND
STOPS WHEN YOU NEED THEM. MORE MILEAGE,
TOO. COSTS NO MORE THAN ORDINARY TIRES.

ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN

ZATARA'S TALENTS ARE MANY AND VARIED—AS MANY CROOKS HAVE LEARNED TO THEIR SORROW! IN THE INCREASING FIGHT FOR LAW AND ORDER, THE MASTER MAGICIAN PUTS ON AN AMAZING PERFORMANCE... AND THIS TIME, WHAT HAPPENS TO THE CROOKS SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG, AS A JOCLULAR ZATARA INVENTS AN ASTOUNDING JUGGLING ACT FOR...

"The Canines and The Crooks!"



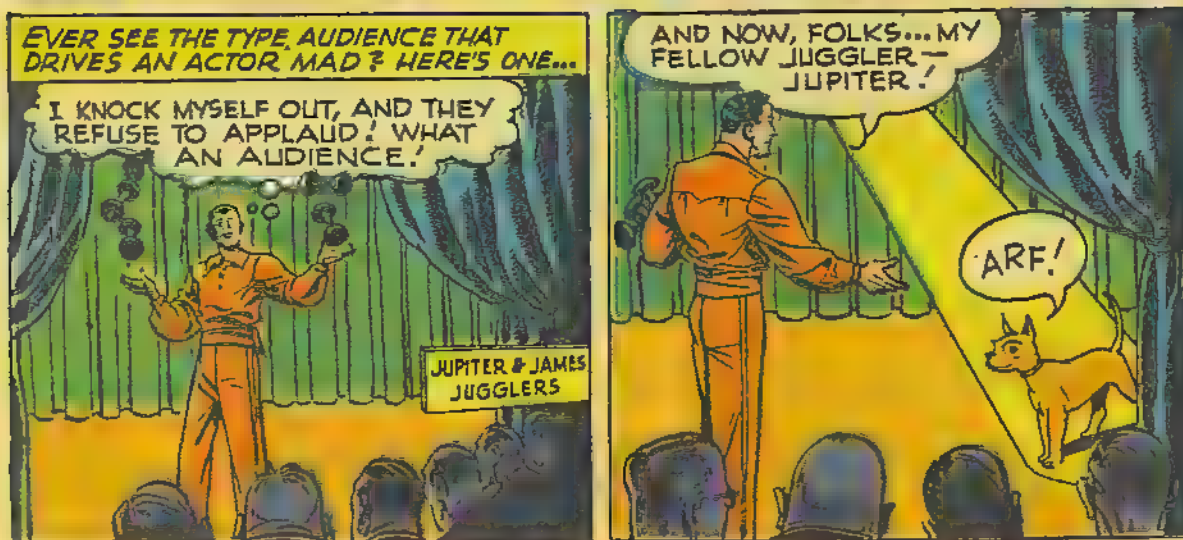
EVER SEE THE TYPE AUDIENCE THAT DRIVES AN ACTOR MAD? HERE'S ONE...

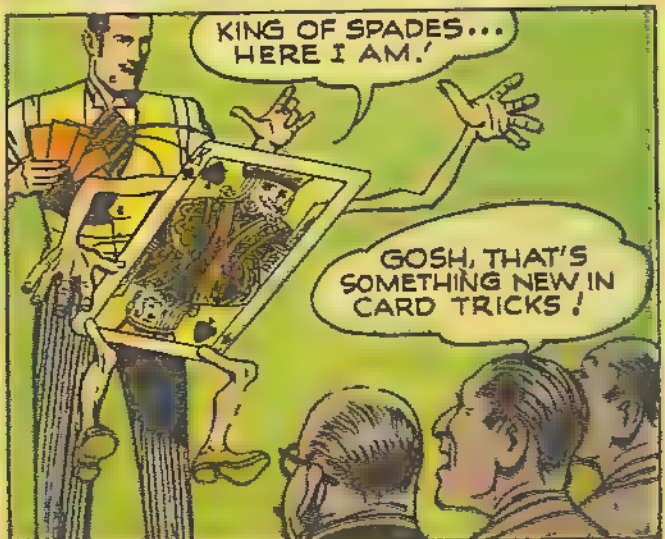
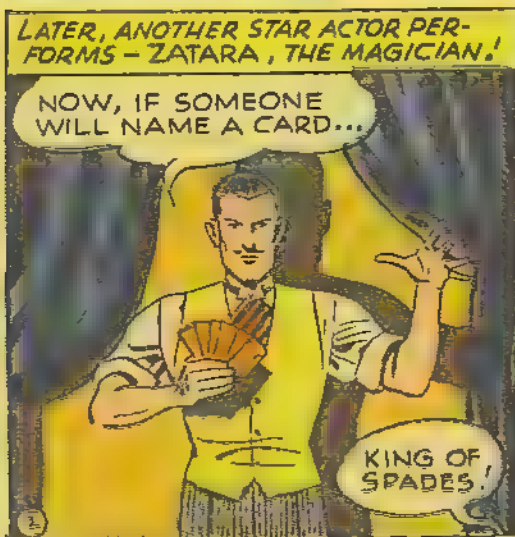
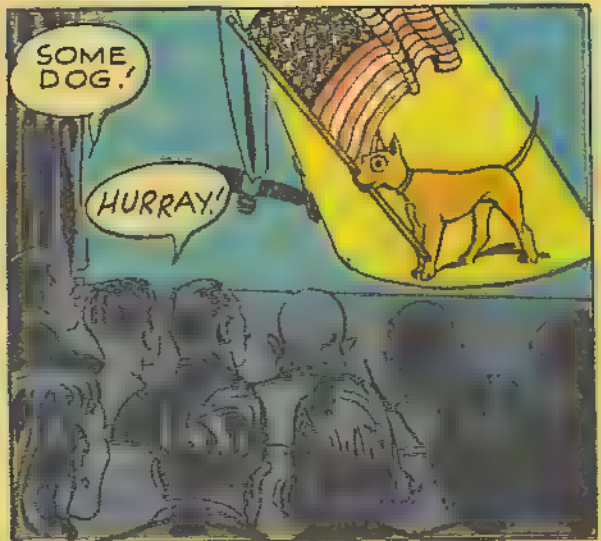
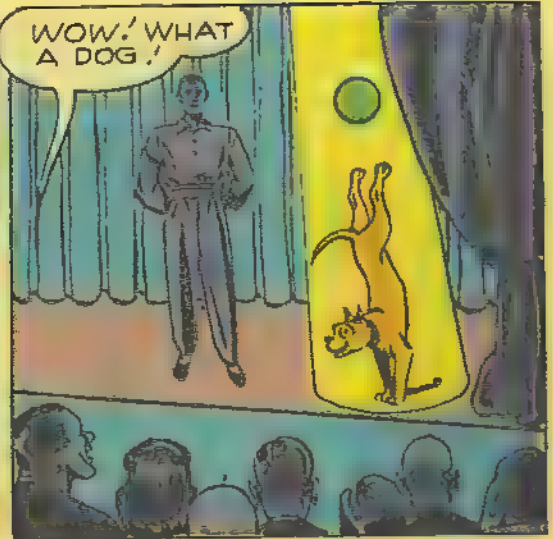
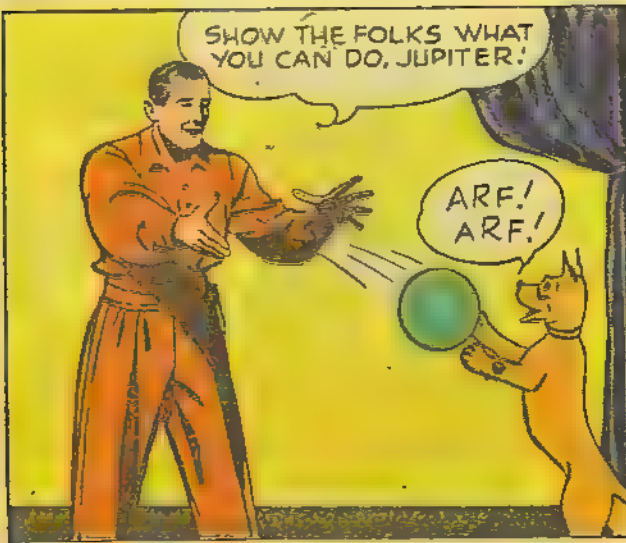
I KNOCK MYSELF OUT, AND THEY REFUSE TO APPLAUD! WHAT AN AUDIENCE!

JUPITER & JAMES JUGGLERS

AND NOW, FOLKS... MY FELLOW JUGGLER—JUPITER!

ARF!





BUT AS THE MASTER MAGICIAN LEAVES THE STAGE...

HELP...
CROOKS!

HMM... LOOKS AS IF I MUST GIVE
ANOTHER PERFORMANCE —
BACKSTAGE!



A RAT IN MAN'S
FORM! THINK I'LL
CHANGE HIM...



YOU'LL CHANGE NOTHIN',
ZATARA! I WAS WAITIN'
FOR SOME SAP TO
TRY AND BUTT IN!

AAAA...



WHEN ZATARA RECOVERS...

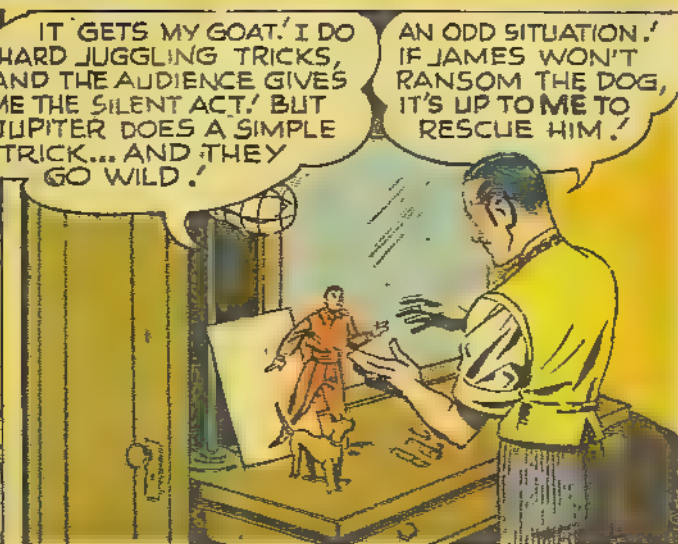
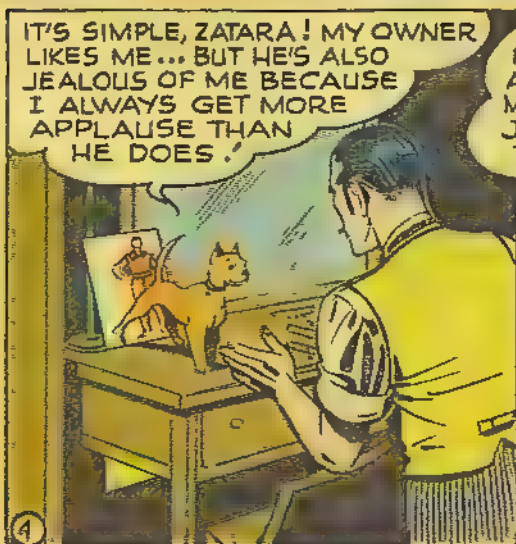
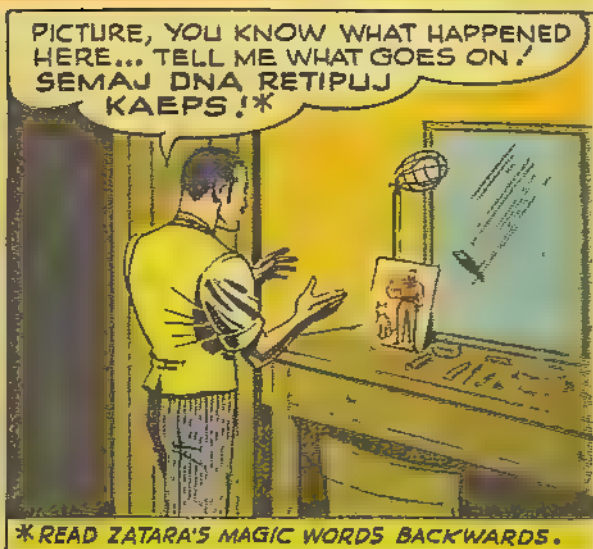
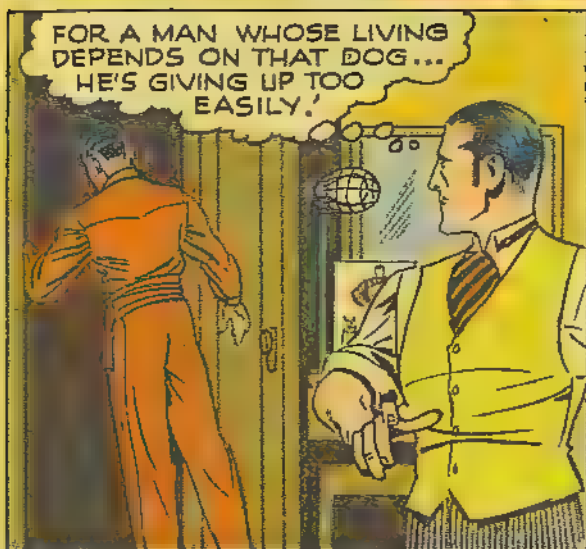
ZATARA, THOSE CROOKS STOLE MY DOG
AND THEY'RE HOLDING HIM FOR RANSOM!
HERE'S THE NOTE
THEY LEFT.



It'll cost you
\$5,000 to
get your trained
dog back! And
tell Zatara to
stay away-or we'll
kill the mutt!

\$5,000 RANSOM— AND
THEY'LL KILL JUPITER IF I
TRY TO FIND HIM! THIS
CALLS FOR CAREFUL
HANDLING!





AND SO, TO CONFUSE THE KIDNAPERS, ZATARA GIVES A STATEMENT TO THE PRESS...

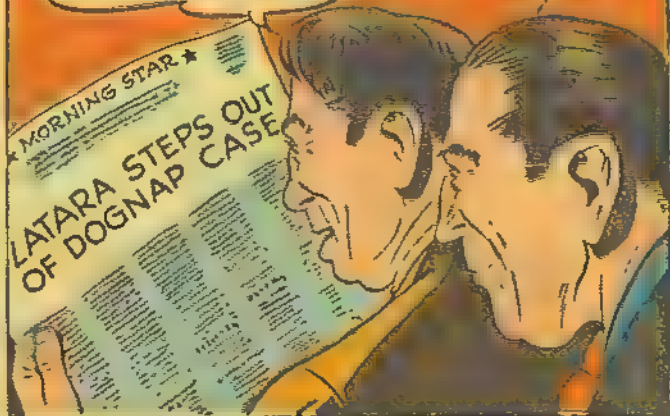
NO, GENTLEMEN, YOU WON'T SEE ME CHASING CROOKS TO RECOVER A DOG! YOU CAN PRINT THAT...



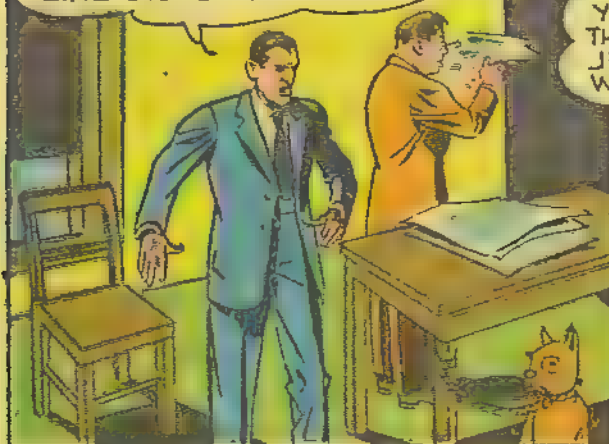
LATER... ZATARA IS OFF DA CASE! SOAPY, THAT FIVE GRAND IS AS GOOD AS OURS!

BOY, IS DIS A LUCKY BREAK!

MORNING STAR ★
ZATARA STEPS OUT OF DOGNAP CASE



MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE ASKED TEN GRAND... A CLEVER MUTT LIKE DIS IS WORTH IT!



MEANWHILE, ZATARA BEGINS A QUIET INVESTIGATION...

YES, ZATARA, I SAW THE THUGS LEAVE WITH JUPITER... THEY WENT THAT WAY!

GOOD... NOW I'LL PICK UP THEIR TRAIL!

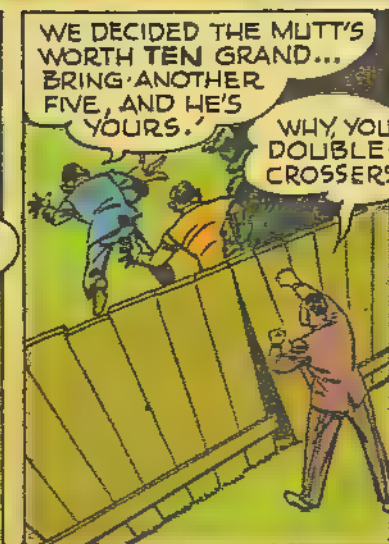
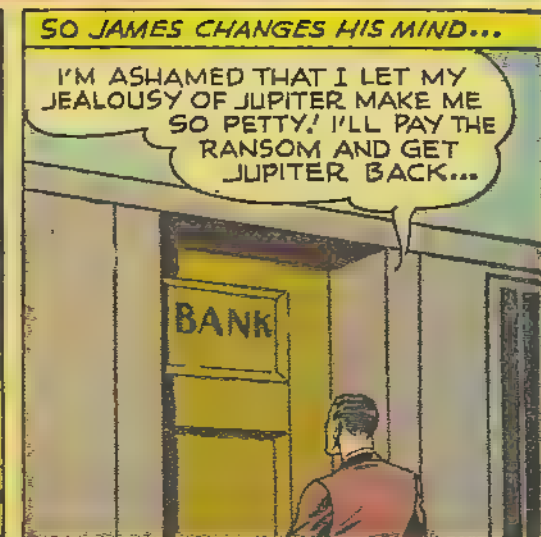
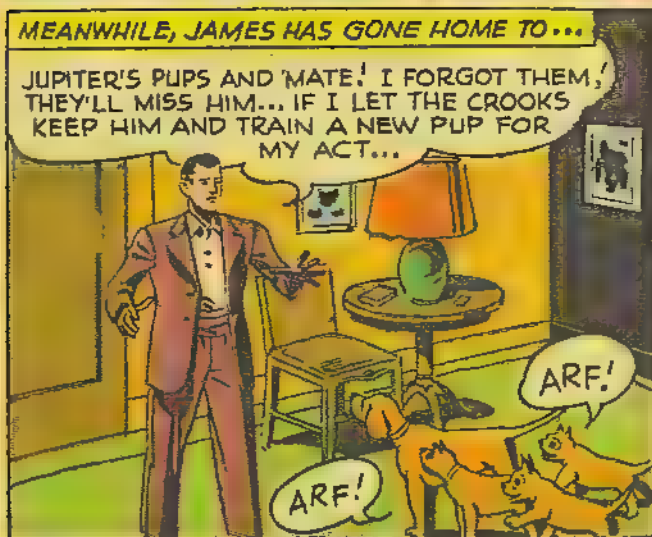
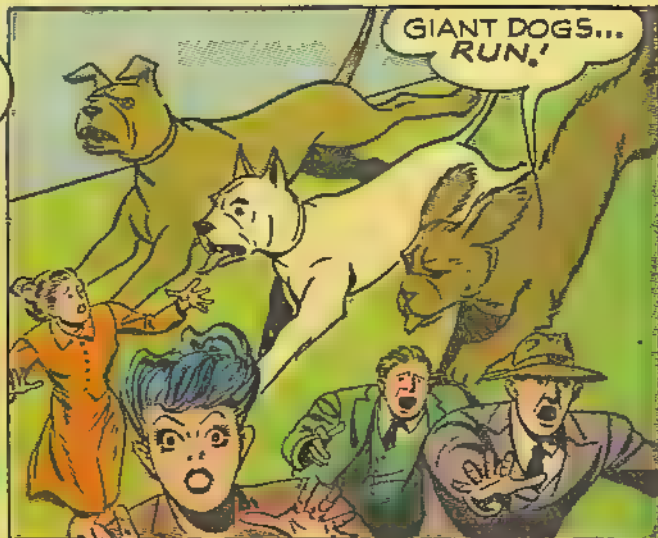


BUT FIRST, TO KEEP MY PROMISE - THAT NOBODY WILL SEE ME CHASING A DOG...



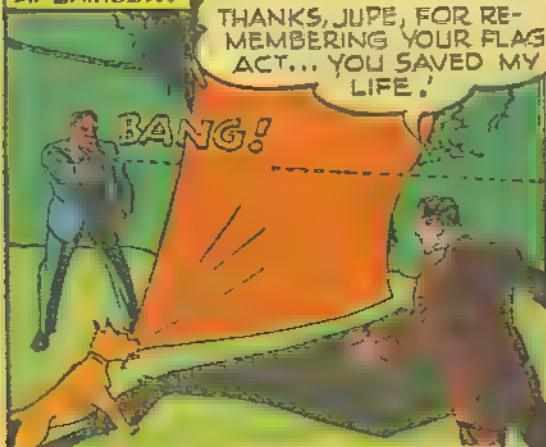
...I'LL SIMPLY BE INVISIBLE! THEN I CAN FIND JUPITER WITHOUT BEING SEEN!







JUPITER DRAGS THE BLANKET FROM THE CLOTHES LINE, AND AS THE THUG FIRES AT JAMES...



THANKS, JUPE, FOR REMEMBERING YOUR FLAG ACT... YOU SAVED MY LIFE!

BANG!

THEN ZATARA'S MAGIC DOGS APPEAR...



LAY THAT PISTOL DOWN, LUG!

HALP!

AND ZATARA'S MAGIC PRODUCES A TERRIFIC JUGGLING ACT!



HELP! POLICE! MURDER!

NO HELP FOR YOU RATS UNTIL YOU RETURN OUR PAL, JUPITER!

ALLEY-OOP!



WHOOOPS... THIS IS FUN!

OOOOH... LET US DOWN... WE'LL DO AS YOU SAY!

AND SHORTLY...

JUPE, OLD BOY... I'M GLAD TO HAVE YOU BACK! IT'S WORTH ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD!

DELIVER THOSE THUGS TO THE POLICE... THEN SHRINK TO NORMAL SIZE!

OKAY, ZATARA!



ONCE MORE THE PARTNERS PERFORM... BUT THIS TIME...

THEY'RE SHARING THE APPLAUSE... NOW IT'S A REAL PARTNERSHIP!

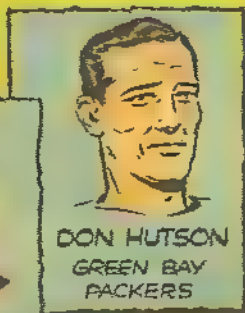
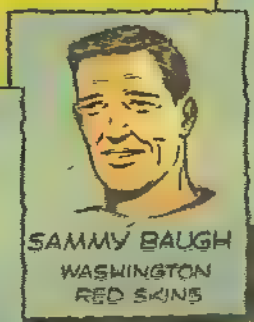


SEE ZATARA PERFORM HIS MAGIC STUNTS IN EVERY ISSUE OF **World's Finest and Action Comics!**

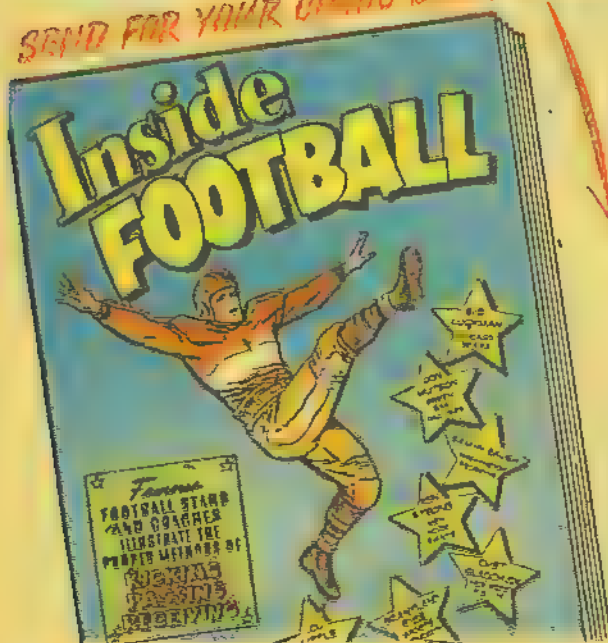
THE END

"HEY, FELLOWS
LOOK WHO WE'VE GOT!..."

FOOTBALL'S BIGGEST STARS SHOW YOU INSIDE FOOTBALL



SEND FOR YOUR COMIC BOOK TODAY



Think of it! Sammy Baugh and Sid Luckman give you tips on touchdown passing... Don Hutson shows you how to snag passes... Ken Strong shows you how to kick... Chet Gladchuk shows you how a big-time center does his job.

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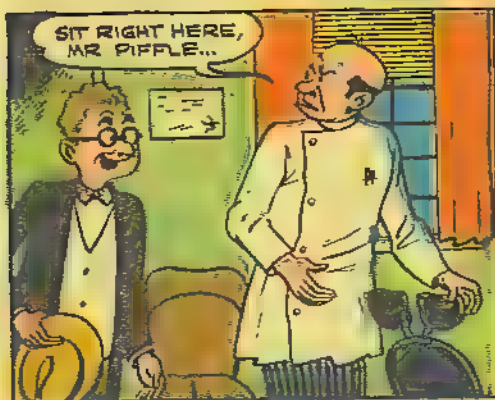
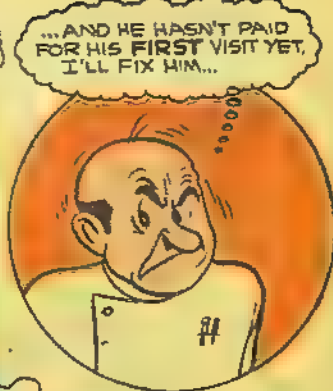
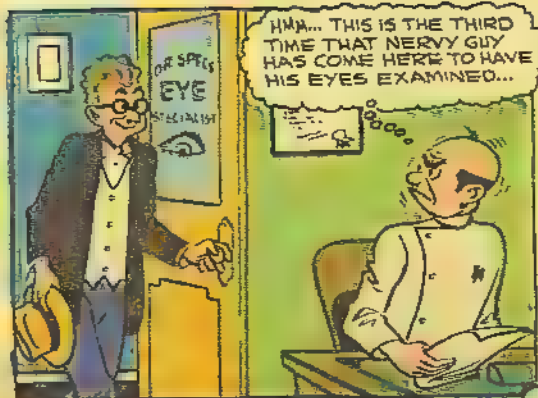
The name that's **OFFICIAL** with America

A. G. Spalding & Bros., Dept. N.C.
19 Beekman Street
New York 8, N. Y.

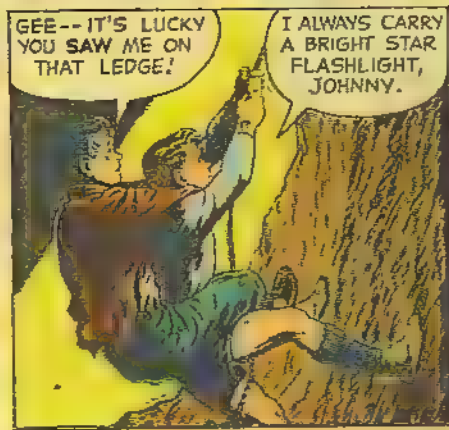
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HAYFOOT HENRY



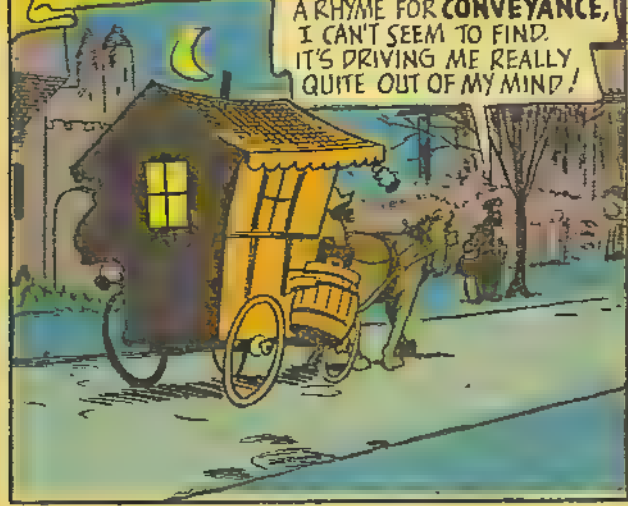
ECTO P. GOSHAWFUL
SPOKESMAN
FOR SPOOKS

IN A CHASE OR A CLINCH,
HAYFOOT HENRY'S A CINCH
TO CONFOUND ANY
CROOK WHATSOEVER,
NEVER YIELDING AN INCH
IN A PERILOUS PINCH--
(WHAT, NEVER?)
OH WELL,
HARDLY EVER!
USING REASON AND RHYME
IN HIS WAR AGAINST CRIME,
HE HAS MASTERED
MORE PROBLEMS THAN MOST..
BUT THE COLD SHIVERS CLIMB
UP HIS SPINE EVERY TIME
HE REMEMBERS

"The GOSHAWFUL GHOST!"

THIS CURIOUS CONVEYANCE THAT ROLLS DOWN THE ROAD
INSPIRES HAYFOOT HENRY TO MAKE UP AN ODE ..

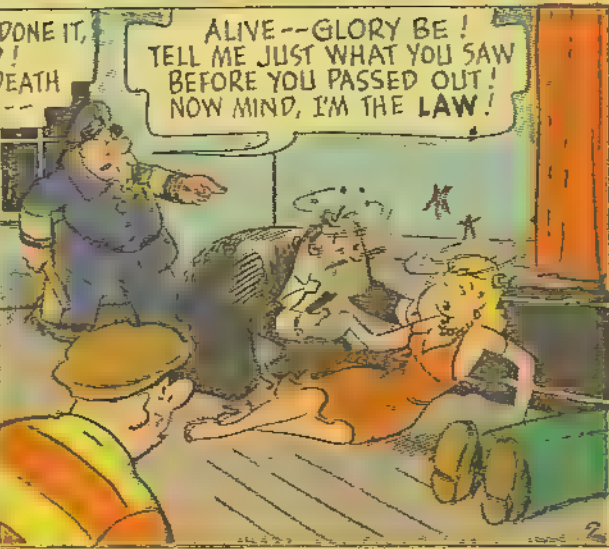
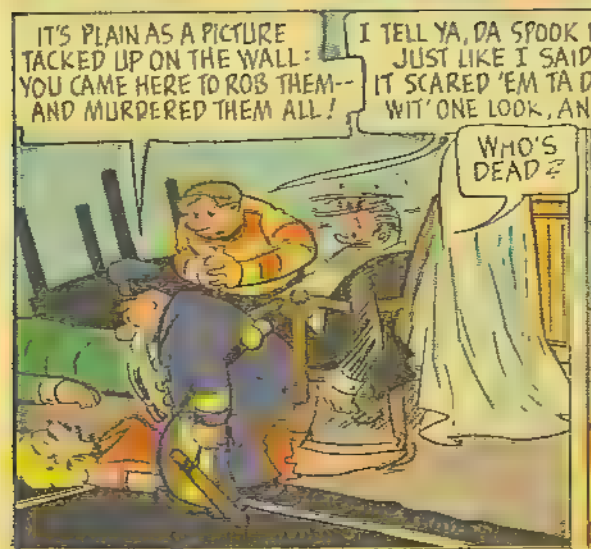
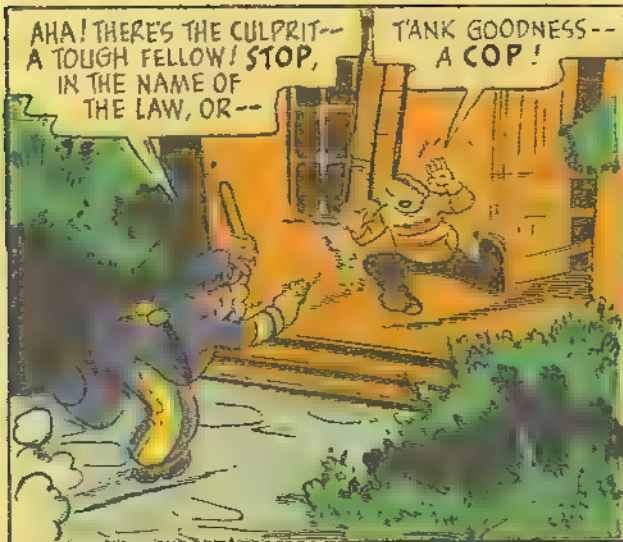
A RHYME FOR CONVEYANCE,
I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND.
IT'S DRIVING ME REALLY
QUITE OUT OF MY MIND!



HELP! MURDER! POLICE!

LEMME OUTA DIS JERNT
WHILE I'M STILL IN ONE PIECE!







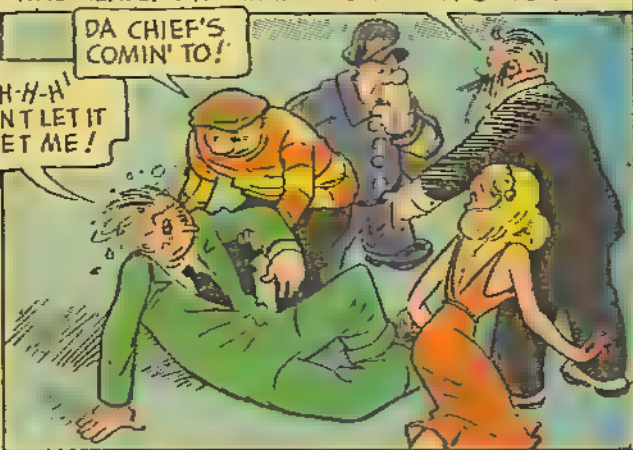
WE ALL WERE TOGETHER, WHEN A WEIRD APPARITION
APPEARED IN THE AIR!

YEAH-A-MOANIN'
AN' SWISHIN'!

HE FAINTED THE INSTANT THE THING CAME IN VIEW.
THE SIGHT OF A MEDIUM SCARED OF A SPIRIT
WAS REALLY WHAT MADE THE REST OF US FEAR IT!

DA CHIEF'S
COMIN' TO!

OH-H-H!
DONT LET IT
GET ME!



SO
GOSHAWFUL
POSED
AS
A
MEDIUM?

OUI!

ZE GHOSTS TOLD HEEM SECRETS
OF LAND AND OF SEA!
FOR WAN T'OUSAN DOLLAR
HE SWORE TO LOCATE
A VERY BEEG TREASURE
UPON MY ESTATE!

YOU'RE PINCHED ECTO P,
FOR YOUR LARCENOUS BOASTS!
YOU KNOW VERY WELL THAT
THERE AREN'T ANY GHOSTS!

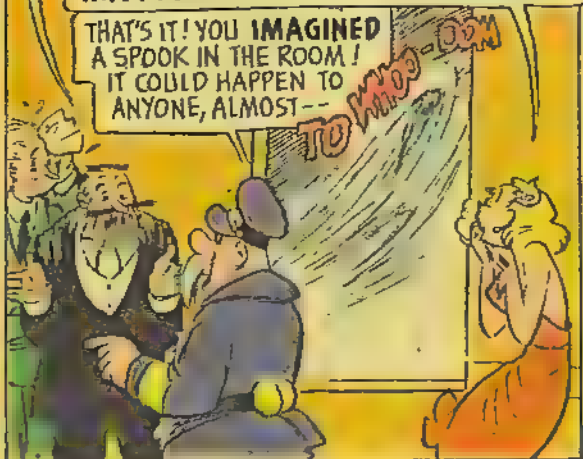
I THOUGHT THAT I KNEW IT
BUT NOW I'M NOT SURE!
WHAT WAS IT
THAT STRETCHED ME
OUT COLD ON
THE FLOOR?



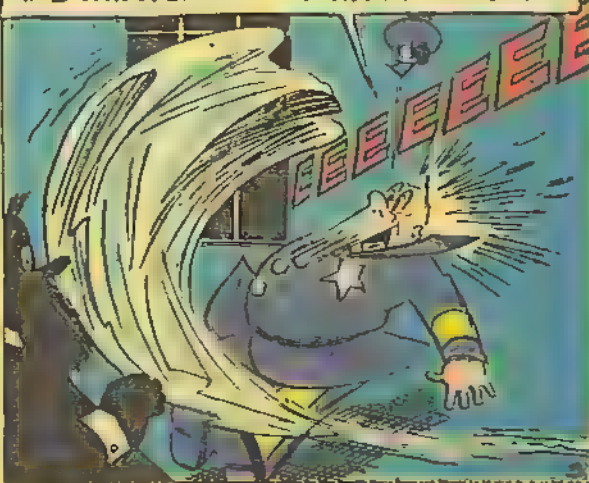
HE MAY BE A CROOK, BUT WE ALL SAW IT PLAIN!

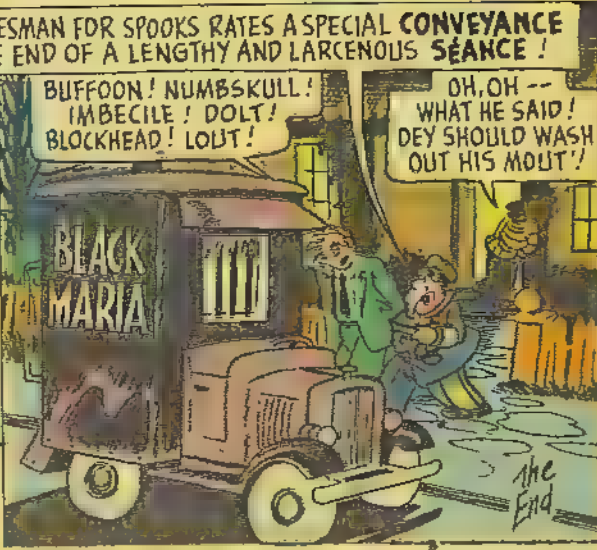
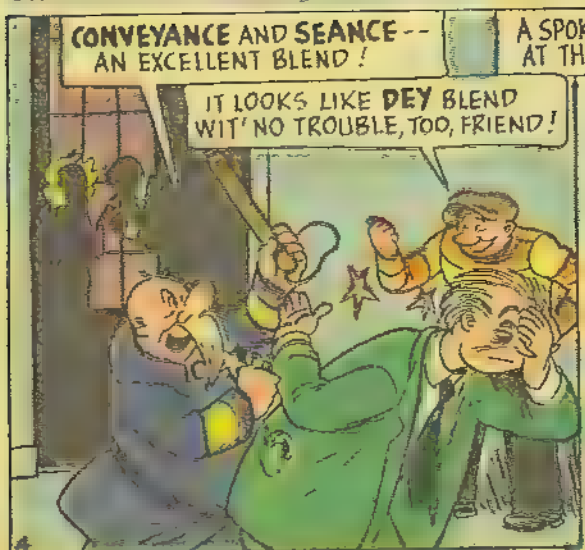
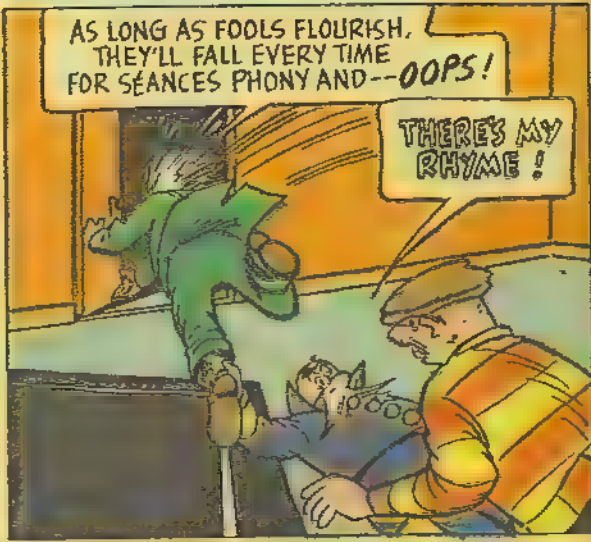
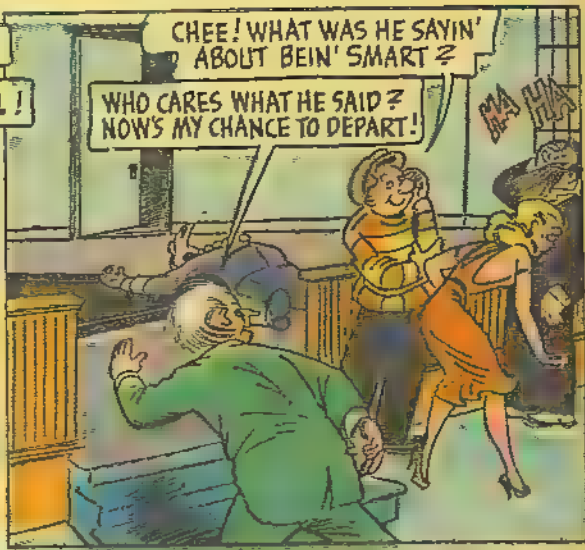
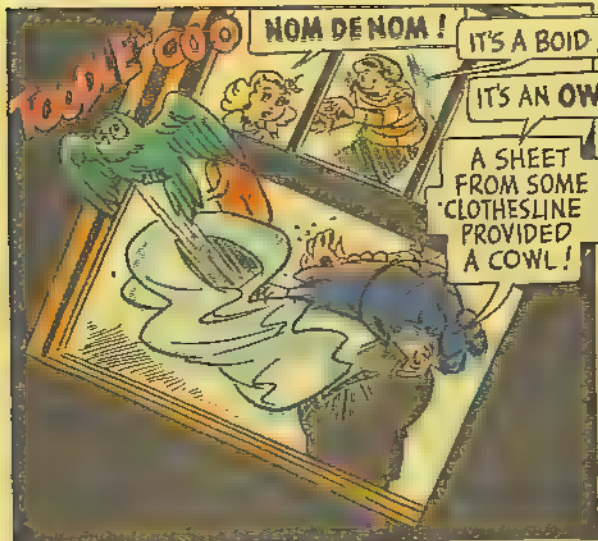
MA FOI--I EEMAGINE I SEE EET AGAIN!

THAT'S IT! YOU IMAGINED
A SPOOK IN THE ROOM!
IT COULD HAPPEN TO
ANYONE, ALMOST--



TO YOU, OR TO HIM, OR TO HER-- BUT NOT ME!
IF I SAW A GHOST I'D BE SMART AND SAY--





ON TARGET

by Drexel Dean

IT had been months since Wamba had left his native island. Here, among this friendly tribe, he had safely hidden himself from the wrath of his own people.

Their wrath had been incurred with the murder of A-long. When a plume from Wamba's head dress had been found in the dead man's hand, there had been no use in denying he'd done the murder. Indeed, the wise thing to do—and Wamba had not found it necessary to consult a medicine man—was to vanish.

There had been only one thing wrong about flight—he had been pursued. So close had Chief Banda and the tribesmen been behind Wamba that he had barely enough time to hide the box containing the glittering stones, which A-long had found on the beach one day.

And only once had Wamba seen these bright pieces of treasure. But it had been enough for him to resolve to steal them. At first, he had not thought of murder, for fear of the punishment. But when A-long had resisted, well . . .

Now, months later, Wamba was on his way back to retrieve his stolen treasure. He knew exactly where it was, as though only yesterday he had placed it there. It was not far from the strip of quicksand which nestled in a dense part of the jungle.

Flying the paddle of his canoe, Wamba moved silently through the darkness toward his objective. With so many moons gone by, he was sure he had been forgotten.

"True," he told himself, "I shall take no chances on being discovered. But none will expect me ever to return. Thus, I will obtain my box (it had now become Wamba's personal property) under cover of the

night and, the following night, I shall return."

Yes, he would return to this tribe. There, he would show the aged chief this great wealth and, in return, possibly become chief himself some day. For no one in this tribe knew he was a murderer. And he would never have to pay for killing A-long.

This vision before him, he paddled vigorously, keeping as close to the shore as he possibly could. Far out in the water rode the great iron ships of the white nations. Wamba, looking at them, shrugged. They were quiet now, those big ships, but not so long ago they were fighting other big ships. He remembered only too well the noise of their guns, and the great birds that hopped from their decks to drop down upon other big ships something the white man called bombs.

Wamba's brow puckered in thought. The fools! Did they not know the poisoned dart was just as effective? The white men were not warriors, but noisemakers.

"Some day," he promised himself, "I will show them how to make war." That would be the day when he became chief of his adopted tribe. He would repay Chief Banda then for the nights of terror when he had been pursued across the island, forced to hide in jungle thickets, cowering in fear.

His bright, black eyes peered through the gloom. He would have to paddle faster, for soon the moon would be up. It would be necessary for him, then, to be in the jungle. There, he need fear nothing, for Chief Banda's tribesmen never hunted at night.

An hour later, he brought his canoe to rest on the coral of his own island. It would

be a little time ere the moon came up. Hoisting the canoe to his shoulders, he trudged into the jungle. For a half hour, this portage continued until he reached the back fringe of the jungle. There he hid the canoe.

His brown body moved easily through the dense foliage. Wamba's heart beat faster as he realized that in a very short time he would once again have his hands on the box for which he had committed murder.

Rain started to fall, first slowly, then in a heavy, pelting cascade, but he paid it no heed. If anything, it would make it easier for him to remove the precious box from its hiding place.

Then, at last he reached the spot. He recognized his markings immediately. With anxious hands he dug into the soft earth until his probing fingers rested on top of the box.

He cried out with glee. Then, remembering, he tensed. If by chance someone might be in the jungle, the consequences would be dire. For a long moment, he knelt there until reassurance came to him. Anxiously, he opened the box.

The moon chose to come up at almost the precise instant. Wamba's eyes widened as the gems danced in the moonlight. "Chief!" he muttered. "I shall soon be a chief!" Yes, none would be able to resist these precious stones. He would be the most honored man of the new tribe, a great warrior.

"And when I have an army of warriors," he promised himself, "I shall return and take this island away from Chief Banda! Then I will be chief of two islands!"

Dreaming this dream, he fell asleep, the precious box clutched close to him. He had come a long way and he was tired.

When he awoke in the morning, Wamba peered cautiously from his hiding place. The sun was high in the sky, and his

stomach warned him that it needed feeding.

"But I am not so unwise as to seek food far from here," Wamba told himself. "A few berries shall do me until I start my return journey tonight."

Overhead, the sun shone bright. Birds twittered in the trees, mingled their music with the chattering of monkeys. High in the sky, Wamba heard the drone of the white man's great birds. He looked up. There was only one, a mere speck in the blue.

He shrugged. Such things as a white man's war did not interest him. Better by far that he skirt this quicksand patch to his right. He looked distastefully at it, conscious that it had trapped many unwary travelers.

Beneath his arm, he held the precious box firmly. He stood, undecided, wondering which way to go. Hunting parties might be out and, if they ever discovered him . . .

Wamba smiled craftily. To the East, he knew, was a patch of fruit trees. He would go there, gather fruit to allay his hunger, then return to his hiding place until night. Then he would leave the island, to return some other day with an army. . . .

He stepped forward. Suddenly, the earth seemed to explode beneath him. He screamed as he felt himself hurtled through the air, as lightly as a feather.

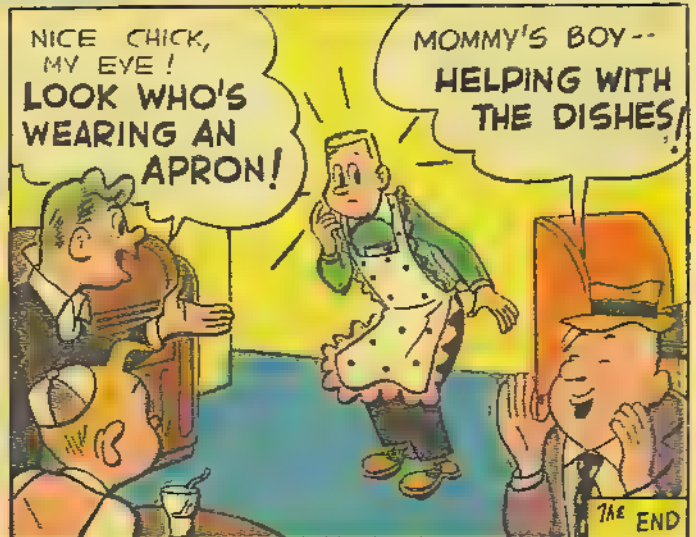
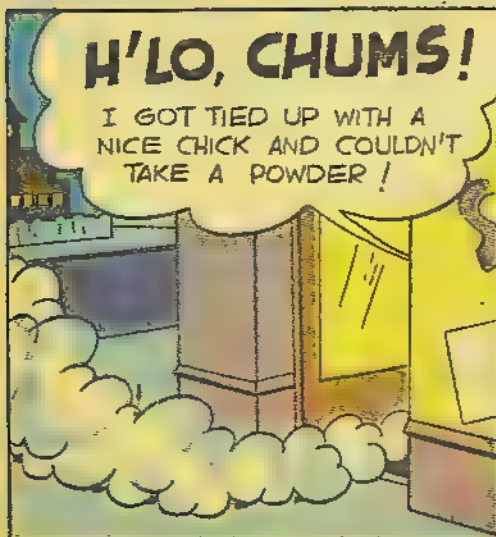
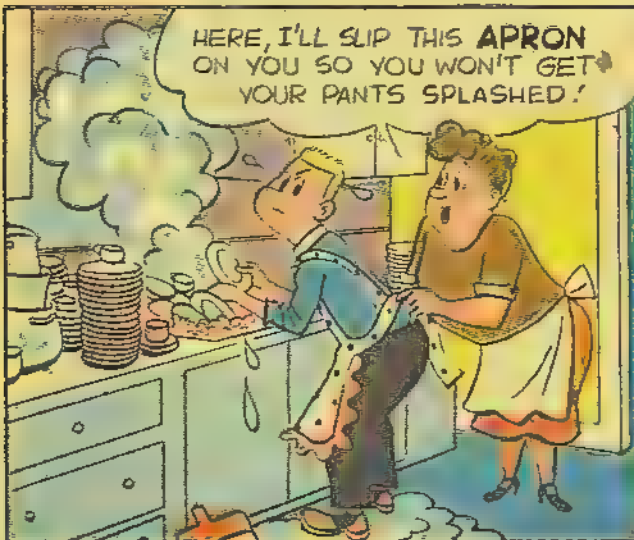
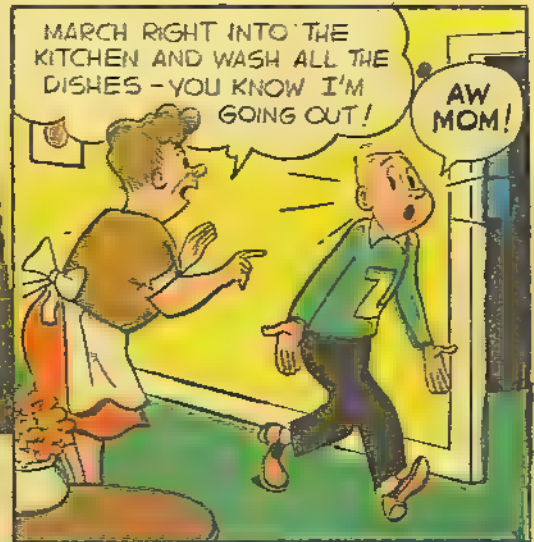
His box was still tightly clutched in his hand as he was irresistably plunged into the deadly quicksand.

And far out on the water a group of white men stood on the deck of one of the big ships, and looked through glasses at Wamba's home island. And one of them said: "It's a good thing everyone was removed from Bikini months ago. I doubt whether anything on there could survive that atom bomb we just dropped! It will be interesting to see the result."



JERRY

THE JITTERBUG





VIGILANTE



DEATH WINS A NERVE-SHATTERING CLASSIC OF THE SPEEDWAY... AND CLEARS THE TRACK FOR CUNNING CROOKS TO PLAN RAPID-FIRE CRIMES! THEN IT IS THAT THE LEGENDARY LAWMAN FROM THE LAND OF THE PURPLE SAGE — THE **VIGILANTE** — BLENDS WITS AND WEAPONS OF THE OLD WEST IN A SPECTACULAR MANHUNT, WITH SUPERCHARGED THRILLS LURKING IN EVERY TURN OF THE...

*"Wheels of
Danger!"*

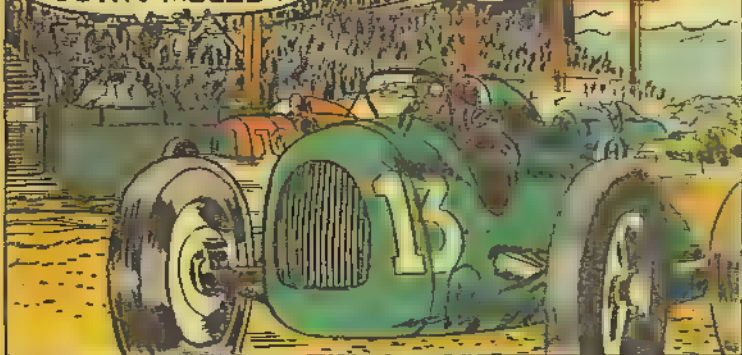
Reinos



A MIGHTY MARATHON OF MOTORS NEARS A THUNDEROUS FINISH—AND AMONG THE THRILLED SPECTATORS IS OLD POP GUNN...

YAH-HOO! NUMBER 13—FLASH LISTER'S NEW SPEEDWAGON—IS MAKIN' THE REST LOOK LIKE A PACK O' BROKEN-DOWN MULES!

IS IT, POP?



BUT GREG SANDERS—THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR OF RADIO FAME—IS ABSORBED IN OTHER MATTERS...

VINCE BURL AND FLOYD GILL—OUT OF JAIL, AND TAKING AN INTEREST IN AUTO RACING! HMM...



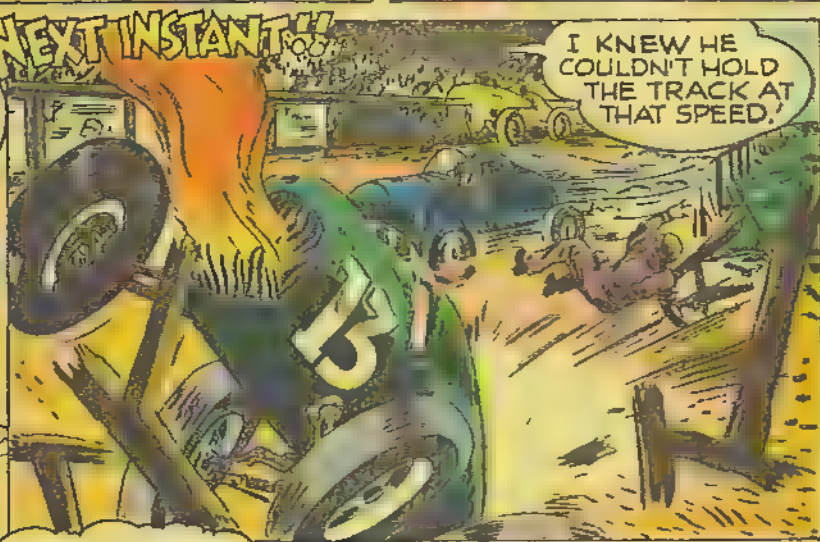
NOW THAT WE KNOW LISTER'S CAR CAN BEAT ANYTHING ON WHEELS, WE CAN'T HAVE HIM BLAB-BING HOW WE FINANCED IT—AND BUILT OTHERS LIKE IT!

HE WON'T BLAB, VINCE! WATCH!



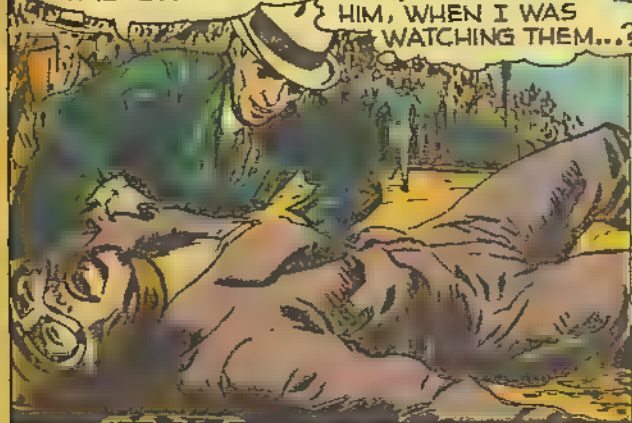
NEXT INSTANT!!

I KNEW HE COULDN'T HOLD THE TRACK AT THAT SPEED!



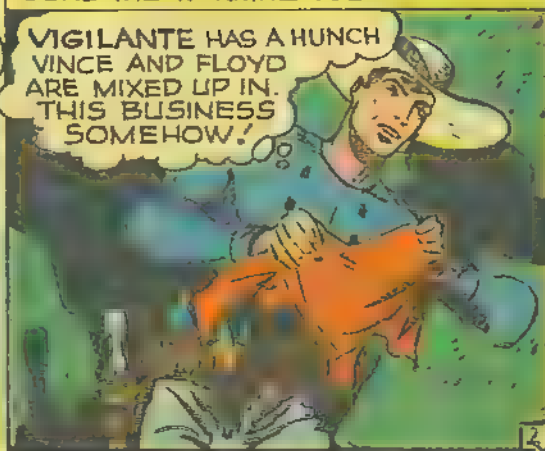
THIS WAS NO ACCIDENT! FLASH LISTER WAS SHOT.

AND I LET THOSE RATS GET AWAY! BUT—HOW COULD THEY HAVE SHOT HIM, WHEN I WAS WATCHING THEM...?



DISCARDING HIS DUDE COSTUME, GREG DONS THE WORKING TOGS OF—

VIGILANTE HAS A HUNCH VINCE AND FLOYD ARE MIXED UP IN THIS BUSINESS SOMEHOW!



THAT NIGHT, IN A TOUGH PART OF TOWN...

HERE'S THE SPOT WHERE—**YIIII!**
THE VIGILANTE!

HELLO, BOYS! I WANT TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS ABOUT AUTO RACING.



I AIN'T TELLING NOBODY NOTHING!

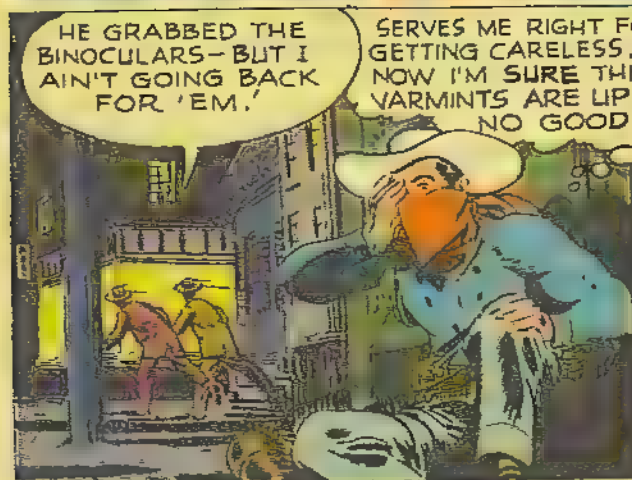
HEY!!
UH-H-H..



HE GRABBED THE BINOCULARS—BUT I AIN'T GOING BACK FOR 'EM.

SERVES ME RIGHT FOR GETTING CARELESS! BUT NOW I'M SURE THE VARMINTS ARE UP TO NO GOOD.

A MAP OF TIMES SQUARE! NOT MUCH TO GO ON, BUT IT'S A START.



NEXT DAY, THE WESTERN WADDY VISITS POP GUNN'S SHOOTING GALLERY IN TIMES SQUARE...

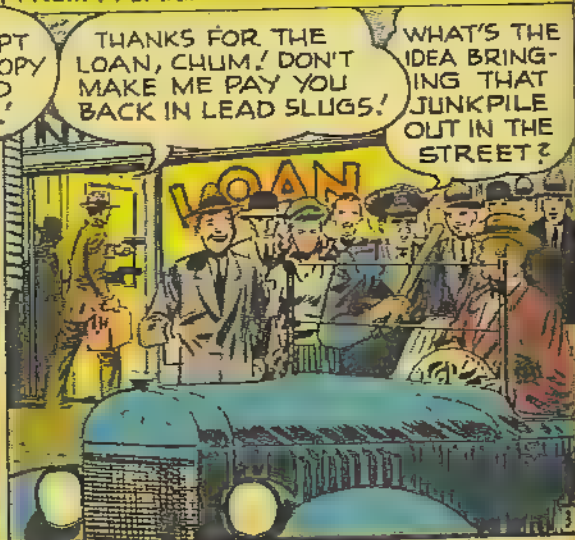
BUT THE STALLED JALOPY IS MORE SINISTER THAN IT SEEMS! FIRST, IT DIVERTS ATTENTION FROM A DARING DAYLIGHT ROBBERY...

I SHORE WISH I'D HAD BINOCULARS LIKE THESE AT THAT RACE I TOLD YOU ABOUT, VIG.

NO EXCITEMENT, HERE, POP—EXCEPT WHERE THAT JALOPY HAS STALLED AND TIED UP TRAFFIC.

THANKS FOR THE LOAN, CHUM! DON'T MAKE ME PAY YOU BACK IN LEAD SLUGS!

WHAT'S THE IDEA BRINGING THAT JUNKPILE OUT IN THE STREET?



THEN, AS A SHOT RINGS OUT, ITS MOTOR COMES TO LIFE WITH A ROAR OF POWER!

THAT'S FOR CALLING OUR CLASSY BUS NAMES, COPPER!

YEAH--AND NOW THAT WE'RE GOOD AND READY, WE'LL GET GOING!



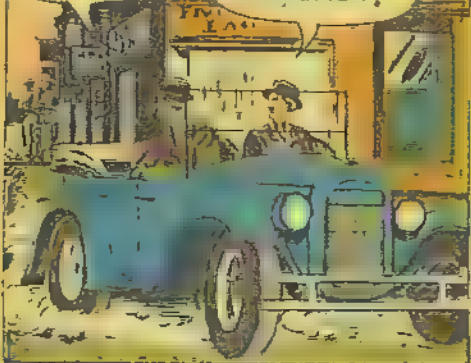
SO THAT'S IT! THIS TIME THEY'LL FIND IT HARDER TO GET RID OF ME!

HOLD ON, YOUNG FELLER! I'M RIDIN' WITH YUH! THEY DON'T CALL ME THE SHERIFF O' TIMES SQUARE FOR NOTHIN'!



THE VIGILANTE'S CHASING US! WHERE'D HE COME FROM?

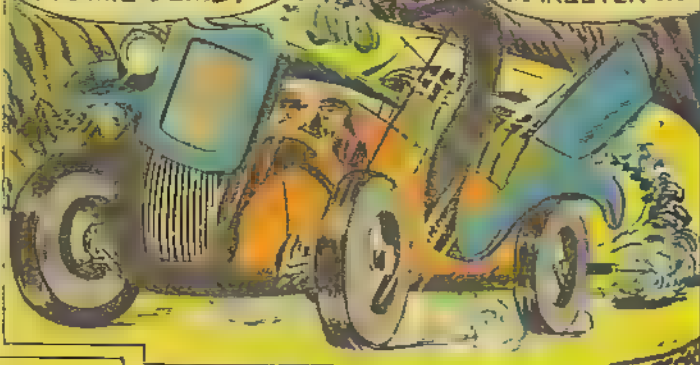
WHO CARES? GET RID OF OUR CAMOUFLAGE, FLOYD, AND SHOW HIM WHAT HE'S REALLY UP AGAINST!



A BUTTON IS PRESSED ABOARD THE FLEEING CAR, AND...

WOW! I WAS STARTIN' TO THINK THEY HAD ATOMIC POWER--BUT IT'S AN ATOMIC BOMB!

IT'S A HIGH-SPEED JOB SHEDDING ITS DISGUISE, POP! FASTER THAN BLAZES--BUT MAYBE WE CAN OUT-MANEUVER IT!



LIKE A GIGANTIC BULLET, THE SUPERCHARGED RACER CRASHES THE GATE BEFORE AN OPENING DRAWBRIDGE!

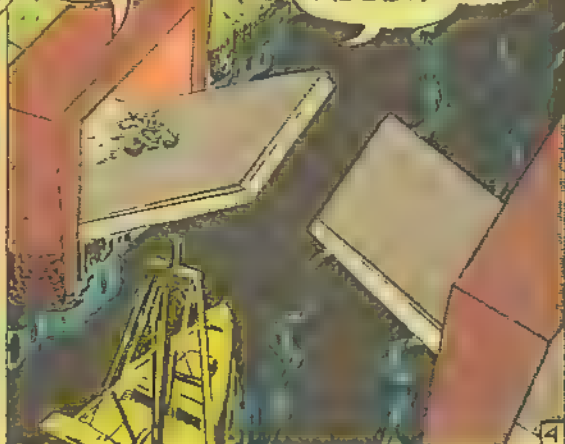
THEY MADE IT--BUT WE AIN'T GOT A CHANCE!

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT, OLD-TIMER?



DON'T TRY IT, PODNER!

SHUCKS, IT'S NOTHING TO SOME OF THE STUNTS YOU READ ABOUT!





FOR A SINGLE BREATHLESS INSTANT,
DEATH SEEMS CERTAIN!



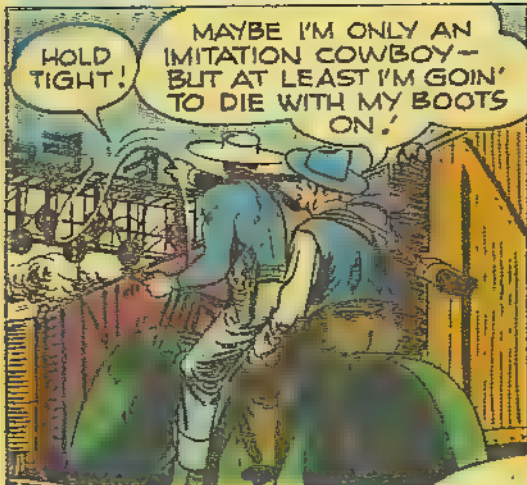
THEY'RE
GONERS!

LOWER A
BOAT! MAYBE
WE CAN SAVE
'EM AFTER THEY
HIT THE WATER!

BUT THE DARING CYCLIST WINS A HAIRBREADTH
VICTORY—ONLY TO MEET ANOTHER CHALLENGE!

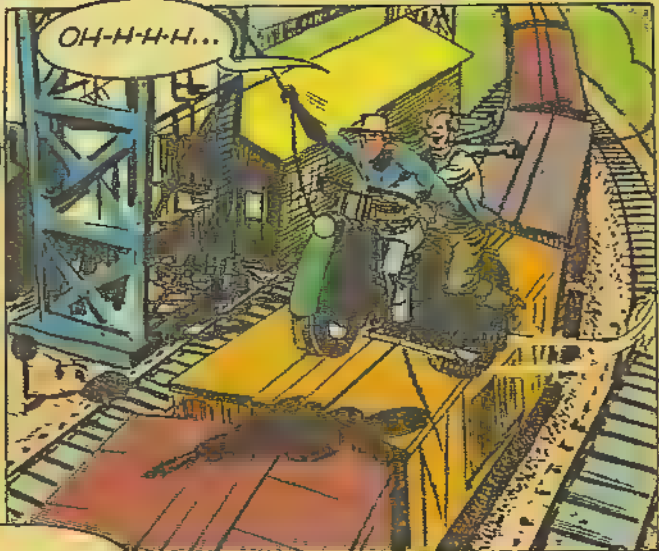
THEY'VE GOT PLENTY OF
NERVE—WHICH MEANS WE'VE
GOT TO HAVE MORE!

NO, VIG!
ENOUGH IS
ENOUGH!



HOLD
TIGHT!

MAYBE I'M ONLY AN
IMITATION COWBOY—
BUT AT LEAST I'M GOIN'
TO DIE WITH MY BOOTS
ON!

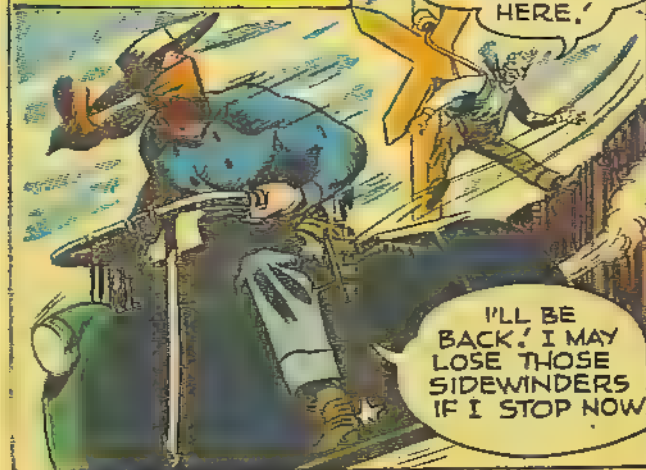


OH-H-H-H...

X MARKS THE SPOT
WHERE POP GETS OFF!

PULL UP, PODNER!
YUH CAN'T LEAVE
ME HANGIN'
HERE!

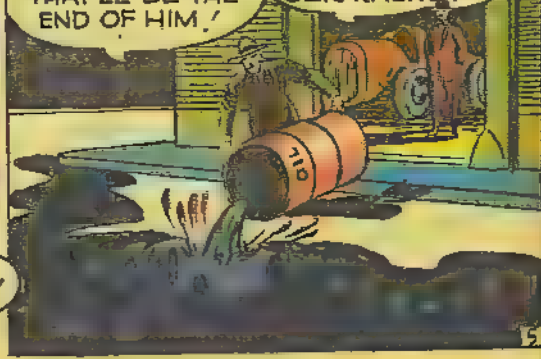
I'LL BE
BACK! I MAY
LOSE THOSE
SIDEWINDERS
IF I STOP NOW!



AT AN ABANDONED GARAGE ON A
NEARBY CORNER...

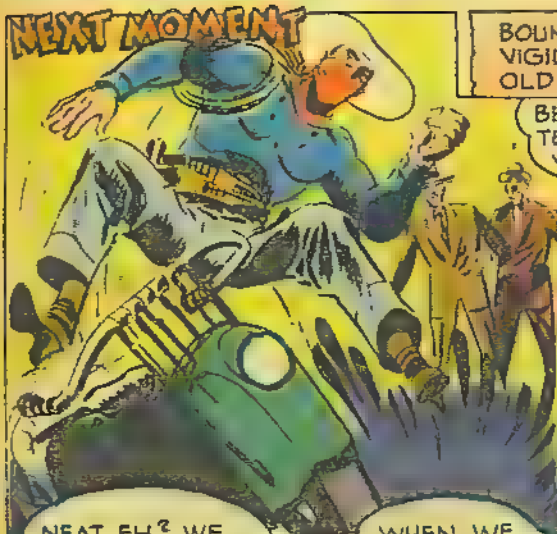
HE'LL COME SCOOT-
ING AROUND THIS
CORNER—AND
THAT'LL BE THE
END OF HIM!

WE'LL MAKE
SURE OF THAT!
WE CAN'T HAVE
HIM SPOILING
OUR RACKET!





NEXT MOMENT



BOUND HAND AND FOOT, THE VIGILANTE IS THRUST INTO AN OLD DRAINAGE PIT...

BEFORE YOU RATS BUMP ME OFF, TELL ME HOW YOU SHOT LISTER WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED!

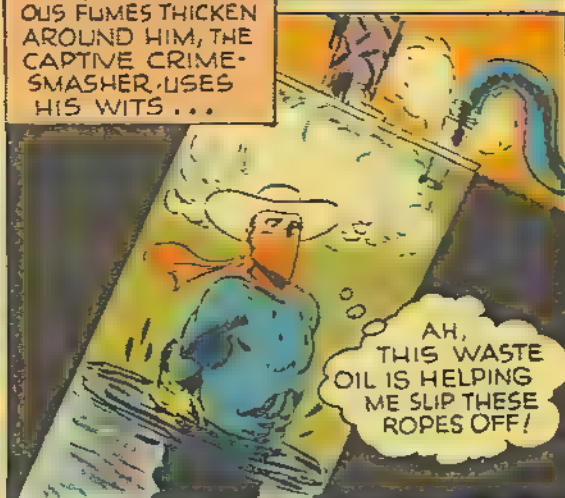
IT'S A TRADE SECRET! BESIDES, WE'RE DUE AT THE RACES, AND THERE AIN'T NO TIME FOR GAB-BING!



NEAT, EH? WE LEAVE THE MOTOR RUNNING, AND HE DIES OF CARBON MONOXIDE GAS FROM THE EXHAUST!

WHEN WE COME BACK, WE FILL THE HOLE WITH CEMENT—AND NOBODY EVER FINDS OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM!

WITHIN THE DEEP TRAP, AS POISONOUS FUMES THICKEN AROUND HIM, THE CAPTIVE CRIME-SMASHER USES HIS WITS...



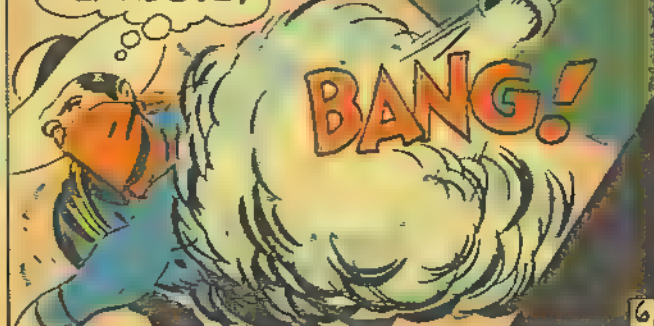
AH, THIS WASTE OIL IS HELPING ME SLIP THESE ROPES OFF!

IF I YANKED THE HOSE FREE FROM THE EXHAUST PIPE, I STILL COULDN'T GET OUT! MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO SUMMON HELP!



THE TRUCK'S MOTOR STUTTERS AS THE EXHAUST IS CHOKED... THE SPARK TIMING IS THROWN OUT OF ADJUSTMENT... AND—

WOW! SOME BACKFIRE! SOUNDS LIKE THE END OF THE WORLD DOWN HERE—BUT I HOPE SOMEBODY HEARD IT UP ABOVE!



BANG!



UP ABOVE, POP GUNN, HAVING FREED HIMSELF, HAS NEARED THE END OF THE TRAIL...

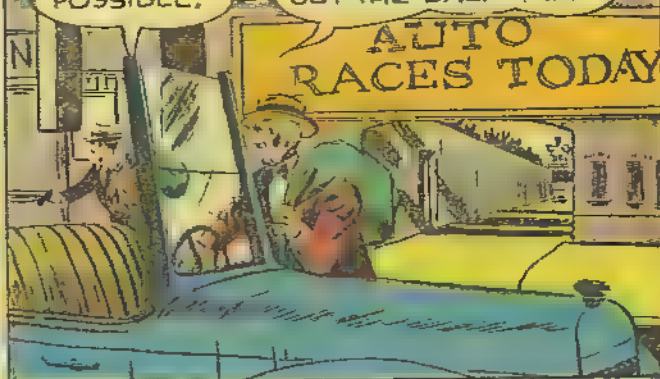
MAYBE I AIN'T NEVER BEEN WEST O' HOBOKEN, BUT I TRACKED HIM THIS FAR AS GOOD AS ANY TEXAS RANGER! HUH-? SOUNDS LIKE SHOOTIN'!



SHORTLY AFTER, AT THE GATE OF THE AUTO RACETRACK, ANOTHER AUDACIOUS HOLDUP TAKES PLACE!

I-I'M SEEING THINGS THAT AIN'T POSSIBLE!

QUIT CLOWNING! WE'RE MAKING OUR GETAWAY AROUND THE TRACK AND OUT THE BACK GATE.



THERE THEY GO, HEADIN' FOR THE TRACK!

RECKON YOU SAVED ME FROM THAT HOLE IN THE GROUND JUST IN TIME, POP!



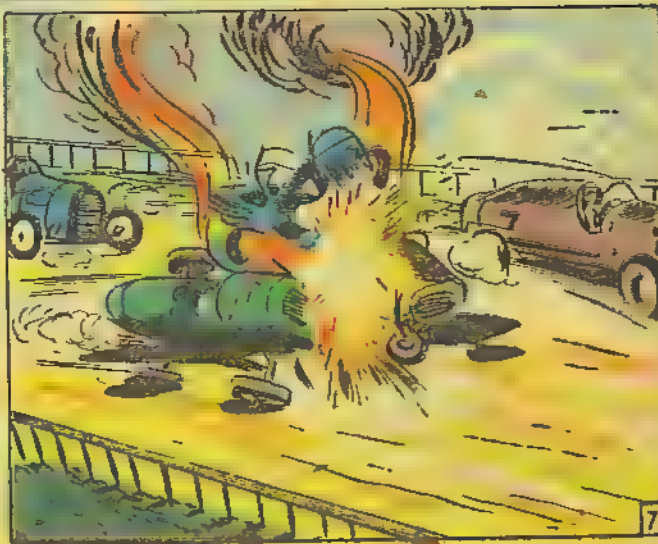
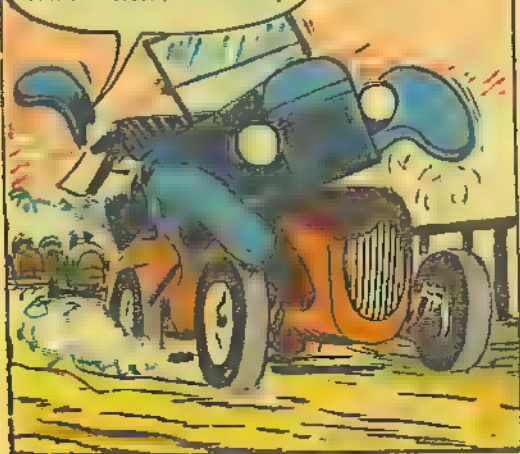
AS SLEEK CARS GEARED TO FLASHING SPEED THUNDER AWAY FROM THE STARTER'S FLAG...

WHERE'D THAT ANTIQUE COME FROM? IT'LL GET SMASHED TO SMITHEREENS!

IT'S A GAG!

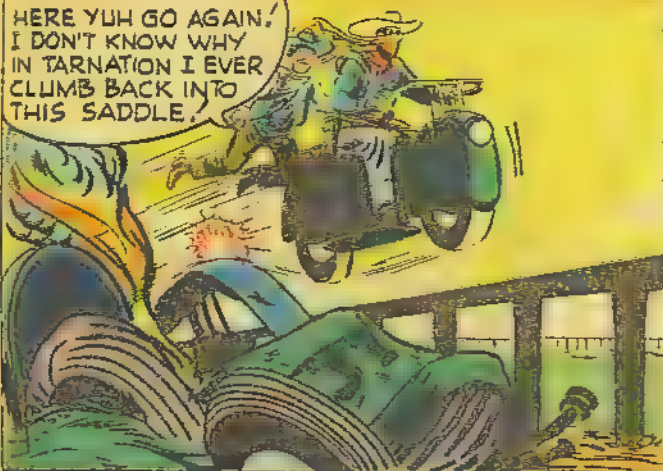


GREAT SCOTT! WHO DREAMED UP THAT NIGHTMARE?



ONCE AGAIN, THE VIGILANTE APPEARS TO DASH TOWARD SURE DESTRUCTION AT BREAKNECK SPEED!

HERE YUH GO AGAIN, I DON'T KNOW WHY IN TARNATION I EVER CLUMB BACK INTO THIS SADDLE.



THEY SAY THE RAIL POSITION'S THE BEST-AND I'VE REALLY GOT IT.

GROUNDED AGAIN.



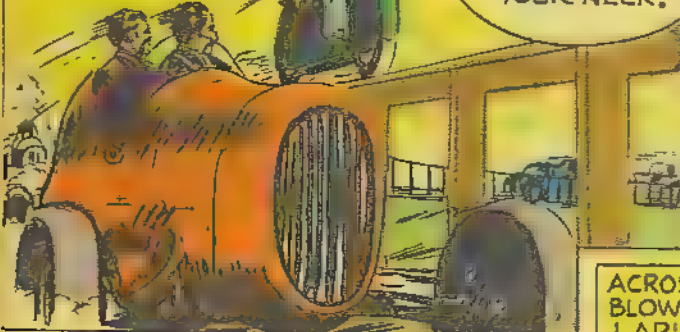
MEANWHILE, THE "SHERIFF OF TIMES SQUARE" TRIES TO GET A CLOSE-UP OF THE SWIFT ACTION...

I BEEN LUGGIN' THESE BINOCULARS A LONG TIME, MIGHT AS WELL GET SOME GOOD OUT OF 'EM.



YOU'RE LIVING ON BORROWED TIME, VIG-AND I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU PAY OFF.

CAREFUL, YOU COYOTE-OR YOU'LL RATE A NOOSE AROUND YOUR NECK!



ACROSS THE TRACK, A BULLET-RIPPED TIRE BLOWS OUT-JUST AS THE VIGILANTE'S LARIAT SETTLES.

THERE GOES A TIRE! WE'RE GONERS!

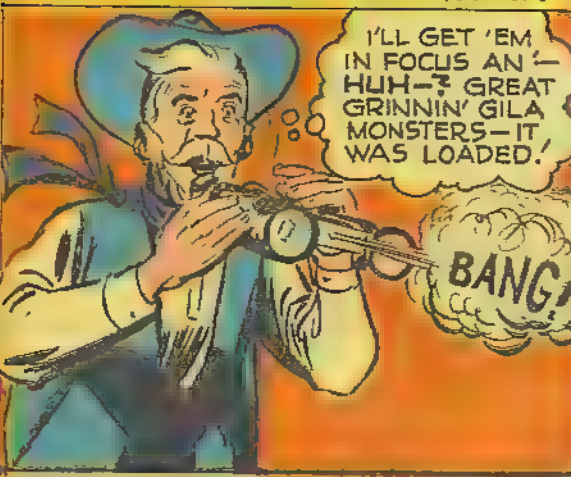
I WAS FIGURING ON A CAPTURE, NOT A RESCUE-BUT I GUESS WE CAN COMBINE THE TWO!

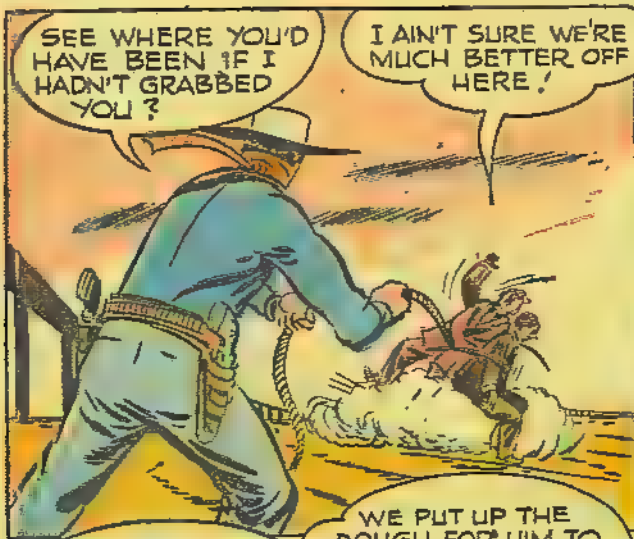


AND INADVERTENTLY STUMBLES ON THE EXPLANATION OF A BAFFLING MYSTERY.

I'LL GET 'EM IN FOCUS AN-
HUH-? GREAT GRINNIN' GILA MONSTERS-IT WAS LOADED!

BANG!





SEE WHERE YOU'D HAVE BEEN IF I HADN'T GRABBED YOU?

I AIN'T SURE WE'RE MUCH BETTER OFF HERE!

TAKE A LOOK, VIG! YUH DRAW A BEAD ON A HOMBRE THROUGH THESE THINGS—TWIST THE KNOB—AN' BAM! A BULLET DOES THE REST!

AND FLOYD GILL WAS WATCHING FLASH LISTER THROUGH THESE BINOCULARS WHEN HE WAS SHOT. I'VE GOT THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR'S WORD FOR IT!



YOU GOT ME! WE COULDN'T TRUST LISTER WITH OUR SECRET—HE WAS TOO HONEST!

WE PUT UP THE DOUGH FOR HIM TO BUILD THE FASTEST CAR ON WHEELS SO WE COULD MAKE OTHERS LIKE IT, AND USE 'EM FOR STICKUPS!

AND SO...

THIS TOWN CAN THANK YOU FOR GETTING RID OF TWO MORE KILLERS, VIGILANTE!

THERE'S NO RACIN' CAR UNDER THAT PIE-WAGON BODY, FELLERS— BUT IT'LL GET YUH WHERE YUH BE— LONG FAST ENOUGH!



DON'T NEVER TELL GREG SANDERS I NEVER RODE THE RANGE, HE'S JUST ABOUT THE ONLY ONE WHO THINKS I'M THE REAL THING!

LATER... YOU HANDLED YOUR END LIKE A SURE-NOUGH WESTERN SHERIFF, POP! MAYBE I'LL ASK THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR TO MAKE A SONG ABOUT YOU!

THAT CROONIN' GREEN-HORN! LISTEN, VIG, PROMISE ME ONE THING...

PARDNER, IT'S A PROMISE!



And HERE'S ANOTHER GUARANTEE! You'll find ACTION and THRILLS with **SUPERBOY** EVERY MONTH in **Adventure COMICS!**

THE END

MORE EXCITING THAN FICTION!

GOLLY! I'M A
SUPERMAN FAN
MYSELF, BUT SOME
OF THESE REAL HEROES
ARE SUPERMEN, TOO!

YOU'RE NOT
KIDDING! THEY
ARE SUPERMEN!
—AND A LOT OF
THAT FAST-ACTION
STUFF IS JUST LIKE
**BATMAN AND
ROBIN!**



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Say, Kids—how would you like to have the one and only authorized Dick Tracy RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN patterned after those used by U. S. Army Commandos? Well, you have the chance of a lifetime to get this super-action gun for only \$3.79. Watch the other kid's eyes "pop" when they see this wonderful Tommy gun. And when they hear that realistic "tat-a-tat-tat" of its trigger, they'll stick 'em up in a hurry! Everyone wants one of these genuine Dick Tracy TOMMY GUNS... but it's first come, first served, so get your order in today!

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- ☐ I am enclosing \$3.79. Please ship postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$3.79 plus postage.

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COUPON NOW



Free!

A Thrilling Episode
in the Lives of
SECRET AGENT X-28
and His Son JUNIOR

GET THOSE HANDS
UP IN THE AIR, "X-28!"
YOUR NUMBER'S UP!

NOW YOU'VE GOT EXACTLY 60
SECONDS LEFT TO TELL US WHERE
YOU'VE HIDDEN THAT ATOMIC EXPLOSIVE
FORMULA... OR WE'LL BLOW A HOLE IN YOU!

WHAT'S
THIS?

Much
larger
than pic-
tured here!
Actually
over 20
inches
long

MEANWHILE THE POLICE HEAD
QUARTERS ARE ON HIGH ALERT

REACH FOR THE CEILING
FELLAS, I'LL SHOOT THE
FIRST GUY WHO MOVES

OKAY, KID. ONLY BE
CAREFUL WITH THAT
THING, IT MIGHT GO OFF

HURRY, OPERATOR. SEND
THE POLICE OVER TO SECRET
AGENT "X-28'S" APARTMENT
RIGHT AWAY

I HAVE TO HAND
IT TO YOU,
JUNIOR, THAT
WAS CERTAINLY
FAST THINKING

IT'S LUCKY I
HAD THIS DICK
TRACY TOMMY
GUN WITH ME.
IT LOOKS SO
MUCH LIKE THE
REAL THING, IT
LOOKS MOST
PEOPLE

YOU MEAN
TO SAY THAT
TOMMY GUN
ISN'T REAL?
WHY I DON'T
BELIEVE IT!

YES, KIDS,
THIS DICK TRACY
TOMMY GUN LOOKS
SO REAL YOU
WON'T BELIEVE
IT EITHER. AND
IMAGINE, YOU CAN
GET ONE EXACTLY
LIKE IT FOR ONLY
\$3.79 IF YOU
Mail This Coupon Now!

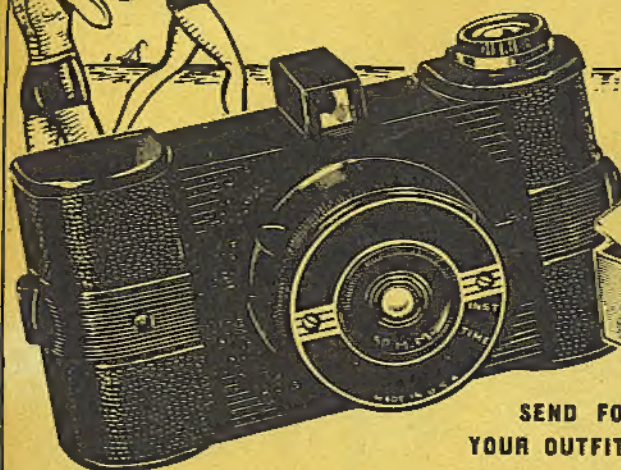
THIS GENUINE DICK TRACY
DETECTIVE BADGE IS YOURS TO KEEP...

... even if you are not delighted with your
DICK TRACY TOMMY GUN. Yes, if not com-
pletely satisfied you may return your TOMMY
GUN for a complete refund and keep this
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Make Money While Having Fun! This is the chance of a lifetime to pursue an interesting hobby and learn the fascinating photography business at the same time. You can even make money in your spare hours. Use your Home Developing Kit to accommodate friends and neighbors. They'll be glad to give you their business for it will save them time and money, just as it does you.

THE CAMERA has all the latest features, including snapshot and time exposure and level view finder. Uses easy-to-get 127 film and takes 16 pictures on an 8-exposure roll. THE DEVELOPING KIT consists of

14 individual pieces as shown. There are 2 plastic trays, 1 metal print frame, 1 stirring rod, 1 package of two dozen sheets of contact paper, 3 Universal M-Q developer packs, 1 box acid-fixing solution, 1 plastic funnel, 1 GE darkroom light, 2 plastic clips and 1 easy-to-follow Handbook of developing and printing.

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

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VICTOR HALLBERG

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"RYE NECK SCHOOLS"
MAMARONECK, N.Y.**"VIC" HALLBERG**

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VIC PLAYS GUARD FOR HIS CRACK BASKETBALL TEAM--RUNNERS-UP FOR THE COUNTY TITLE



VIC PLAYS TROMBONE; LEADS HIS OWN SWING BAND AT DANCES



HIS "JALLOPY" IS FAMOUS



"SMOKY"--VIC'S PET DACHSHUND



FAVORITE SUBJECT IS CHEMISTRY. VIC MAY MAKE IT HIS CAREER



HE DRAWS CARTOONS FOR THE YEAR BOOK

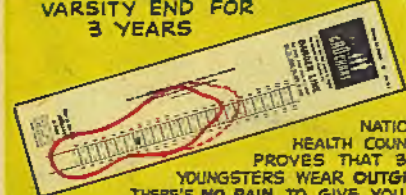


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